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FEUDAL TIMES; OR, TWO SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

A Romance of Daring
and Adventure.

(Translated especially for
the FAVORITE from
the French of Paul
Duplessis.)

CHAPTER LII.

REWARDED.

It was not without considerable difficulty that De Maurevert and Lehardy, after carrying the chevalier to his room, were able to bring him out of his swoon.

"Come, come, dear friend," cried the captain, "it is madness to allow yourself to be so affected by the loss of a mistress—charming, it is true, but completely ruined. Do not take this occurrence so much to heart. I will go at once into the country, and I swear I will find out the young lady's place of retreat."

The first words of Raoul when he came to his senses were addressed to Lehardy.

"Wretch!" he cried, with violent indignation—"your mistress has fallen into the power of an infamous rascal, and I see you here! You have not thought of defending her then? You are a coward!"

"Chevalier Sforzi," replied the servant, gently, "I will not take in ill part the hard words you address to me, for the bitterness of your language proves the intensity of your sorrow the greatness of your love. Be assured that if the sacrifice of my life were demanded to save the honor of my mistress, I should not hesitate to render it up. I did all that was humanly possible to save her. The misfortune we deplore has fallen on us like thunder."

"How has this frightful catastrophe happened? Speak! speak!" cried Raoul.

"It was ten o'clock," replied Lehardy, "and I was sleeping soundly, when I was suddenly awakened by a scream. I sprang out of bed and listened, but all was silent. Thinking that I had been dreaming, I was about to return to my bed, when a presentiment—heaven be praised, for it spared me a great remorse—took possession of my mind. Instead of going back to bed, I took my arquebuse and went down into the garden hastily, on to which the window of my young mistress opened. There I saw a man escaping."

"And you did not kill him, Lehardy?"

"No, monsieur; but I wounded him."

"And who was this man?"

"The apostle Benoist, monsieur."

"The apostle Benoist?" cried Raoul, passionately, "Oh! then I have no longer the consolation of being left in doubt!"

"Not only does Benoist—whom I gave in custody of the watch, and who is now confined in the conciergerie—not seek to deny his master's crime, but takes pride in it," replied Lehardy. "But for this frightful and criminal expedition, Benoist must have had a number of accomplices, for two old servants of the Dowager Madame de Lamirande, and the lady herself, were gagged in their beds."

"Let us hasten to the Grand Prévôt," cried Raoul, springing to his feet. "Let the watch, the archers, all the troops, search every nook and corner of Paris; there may yet be time to

capture the ruffians and deliver Diane! Come, Lehardy!—come!"

"Alas!" replied Lehardy, "I have already taken every possible measure. But such outrages are too common in Paris for the police to think of abandoning their occupations or their pleasures to go in pursuit of the culprits."

Sforzi was about to insist, when De Maurevert, who, for a moment, had appeared to be buried in thought, struck the table a violent blow with his fist.

"Malediction and curses!" he cried, "a frightful idea has come into my mind!—What if his majesty, after the first feeling of alarm is past, and seeing his inability to punish any one for the attempt upon his life, were to deny that any such attempt has been made! The result would be that you and I, Raoul, instead of being the king's preservers, would become simply the heroes of a vulgar night-adventure. Death of my life!—we were too hasty. We ought to have waited until some harm, however small, had been done to his majesty."

"What do I care for the king's opinion?" cried Raoul, indignant at the little interest De Maurevert appeared to take in the abduction of Diane.

"If you wish to recover Mademoiselle d'Erlanges, it concerns you a great deal," replied the adventurer. "Henry III., can deny nothing to his preservers—at least, in the course of a few hours, we shall know what to think on the subject of the gratitude of kings. But the first thing you have to do is to get some rest. I will wake you at daybreak, and we will then go together to the Louvre."

Desiring to be left alone, Raoul made believe to accede to the captain's wishes: it need hardly be added that he passed a sleepless and tormenting night.

It was five o'clock in the morning when the chevalier and De Maurevert reached the Louvre. Raoul was too deeply absorbed in his sorrow to

notice the curiosity and envy which his presence provoked among the crowd of courtiers through which he was, without a moment's hesitation or delay, conducted to the king's cabinet.

At sight of Sforzi, Henry III., rose and came forward to meet him—one of the greatest and earnest favors he ever accorded. The Duc d'Epéron turned pale rather with fear than with anger.

"You appear ill this morning, chevalier," said the king. "Is the wound upon your forehead more serious than you at first thought it to be?"

"I humbly thank your majesty for the interest he deigns to show concerning me," replied Raoul. "Alas! it is not my body, but my heart which suffers and bleeds."

"Be seated, Sforzi," said the king, after a slight pause, "and tell me in detail the history of your past life."

"Sire, I fear to encroach too much upon your majesty's time."

"Sforzi," interrupted Henry, kindly, "since you are destined to live at court, you must learn that the wishes and personal desires of the king are never to be discussed; the politeness of courtiers consists in the readiness of their obedience. I am not now addressing a reproach to you, but giving you a proof of the solicitude and interest I take in you. I wish to see you as perfect in manners as you are already noble in sentiments. Be seated, therefore, and tell me the history of your life."

Raoul seated himself on a carved oaken stool indicated to him by Henry III., and commenced his story. During the half hour which this recital lasted, the king never once interrupted him. When the chevalier related the outrages he had sustained at the hands of the Marquis de la Tremblais, Henry III., turned slightly pale, and a flush of anger passed over his countenance; but the young man's passion for Diane d'Erlanges appeared to interest him deeply, though he made no remark on the subject.

As to the Duc d'Epéron, his face, clouded at first, lightened considerably when the chevalier had done speaking of his love affairs.

"Sforzi," said the king, "I see that you have suffered a great deal, and I will try and repay you for what you have endured. Last night you saved my life; I would have you do better still—I beg of you, Sforzi, to let no one know the service you have rendered me. If you should be questioned, you will answer that my pages provoked the quarrel, and that the assailants were ignorant of my presence in the house of Mademoiselle d'Assy. I recommend this course of conduct to you, Sforzi, on political grounds solely, and not out of any wish to hide the immense gratitude I owe you. Ask of me now what favor you most desire, and, on my royal word, I grant it you beforehand."

D'Epéron rose hastily from his seat, and Sforzi, under the influence of an indescribable emotion, replied:

"Sire, there is but only one recompense that can reward me for the service I have rendered to the kingdom—it is that your majesty will give me the power to labor for his glory. Let him forgive my boldness in consideration of the sentiment which inspires me. There is one sad page in the history of your reign, sire, which will be transmitted to posterity—it is that which chronicles the abuse and insolence

of your provincial nobles. Coming generations, sire, will not forgive you for having abandoned the interests of your people to the cupidity and violence of your great vassals. It will be said of you that you were the first gentleman, but not the king of France. The kings preceding you, sire, carried on a rude and successful warfare against feudalism, then much more powerful than it is at present; that warfare your majesty would do well to bring to a triumphant close."

"Alas! Sforzi," replied Henry III., sadly, "I have almost more than I can do to keep Paris in order, without attempting to deal with the provinces—which are too distant for my power to reach."

"Sire, your majesty deceives himself," replied Sforzi, boldly. "Let the king but say 'I will it,' and, believe me, the most mutinous will return to their duty, the most haughty will bow their heads."

"Good, very good, Monsieur Sforzi!" cried d'Epéron, advancing and shaking the chevalier warmly by the hand, to his utter astonishment. "My approbation surprises you," continued the *mignon*; "that proves, chevalier, that you do not know me. I am superior to feeling jealousy against any one in the world; I have too much intelligence not to know how to appreciate men at their true value. Since I have been at Court, chevalier, I have never heard a courtier speak to his majesty as you have just spoken. It is dangerous to try to be useful to kings; to devote one's self to their glory requires great courage. Monsieur Sforzi is right, Henry," pursued d'Epéron, turning to the king; "the day you say 'I will it,' the brows of the most haughty and insolent will be bowed in the dust. What you need, Henry, is servants like Monsieur Sforzi. Set the chevalier to work! Send him into one of the rebel provinces, and I answer for it with my head that before a month is past, that province will be



the most submissive and faithful in all your kingdom."

Raoul thanked the *mignon* with a look of profound gratitude, then addressed the king:

"Sire," he said, "Monsieur le Duc d'Epéron, by expressing so flattering an opinion regarding me, emboldens me to plunge freely into the question. I ask your majesty to send a Parliamentary Commission into Auvergne, after the manner of your predecessor, invested with foreign powers, to ascertain and punish such crimes of the nobles as escape the ordinary operation of the laws."

"A tribunal, in fact," said Henry III., "whose sentences are above the laws, without appeal, and of instant execution." He remained for a few moments plunged in thought. "The crimes of the Marquis de la Tremblais require to be punished," he said at length, "and the deplorable anarchy which reigns in the province of Auvergne calls for prompt and energetic repression. But alas!—where shall I find a man firm, just, honest enough to preside over such a Commission?"

"Is there not the Seigneur de Beaumont, Master Harlai, sire?" cried d'Epéron.

"You are right, my son; De Beaumont is upright, courageous, severe; he will give judgment according to his conscience! But what warrior will care to attack the half-revolted nobles of Auvergne?"

"I, sire!" cried Sforzi.

"You, chevalier!" repeated Henry III., contemplating with admiration the features, glowing with audacity, of Raoul. "Yes—I will trust you. Will you promise me to be inexorable, and to listen only to the voice of justice?"

"I swear to do so, sire!"

"Chevalier Sforzi," replied the king, solemnly, "I name you my Commissioner Extraordinary in the province of Auvergne, and as such I grant you an authority unlimited, exceptional above all human laws. You shall receive your commission to-day."

"Thanks, sire," cried Raoul, kneeling, and kissing one of the king's hands with indescribable emotion.

"Come and see me again to-morrow, dear and well-beloved Sforzi," said Henry III.; "it remains for me to consult you as to the persons to be selected from the State and Privy Councils and other officers of the Courts of Law, who are to form part of the Commission."

"Oh," cried Raoul to himself, on leaving the king's presence, "the dream of my life is at length moving towards realization! Diane, you shall be saved or avenged!"

At the moment when Sforzi was passing out of the king's cabinet, one of the gentlemen in attendance entered to inquire whether it was true that Captain de Maurevert had received his majesty's permission to have himself announced. The king and d'Epéron looked smilingly at each other. Then, turning towards the gentleman in waiting, Henry III. said:

"Show Captain de Maurevert in."

CHAPTER LIII.

LOVE AND DUTY.

Events take us back to the little village of Saint Pardoux, where our story commenced.

Though it was scarcely six o'clock in the morning, and no holiday or festival was indicated in the almanack, the inhabitants of the place, dressed in their best clothes, were gathered in groups about the door of our old friend Maître Nicolas, the keeper of the inn. Judging by the noisy conversation of the mountaineers, the subject which was engrossing their attention was one of great interest. Maître Nicolas, more than any one, was noticeable for the animation of his butterfly-like movements from group to group, as he gave a friendly tap on the back to one, a smile or a nod of intelligence to another. Let us add that these attentions of the *cabaretier* were not only well received but eagerly courted, all those whom he deigned to favor with these attentions appearing to be proud of his notice.

"By Saint Blaise, comrades!" he cried, halting in the midst of the crowd, "if we stop chatting instead of setting off for Riom, we shall not arrive in time to witness the entry of the Commissioners. I would not lose the sight for ten crowns. Come—one last drink, and then away."

"The Seigneur Sforzi is the same gentleman the Marquis de la Tremblais was going to hang, and who was so miraculously saved at the moment the apostle Benoist was about to put the rope round his neck—is he not?" inquired one of the party.

"The very same, Guillaume," replied Maître Nicolas; "and you may be certain that Monseigneur Sforzi, after having been so ill-used by the high nobility of the province, feels vigorously ill-disposed towards it. His arrival in Auvergne, I repeat, is for us poor people a piece of unexpected good fortune. I would not exchange positions with the Marquis de la Tremblais at this moment for a thousand crowns ready money! I shall not be surprised to see him, before long, on his knees upon a scaffold, his head on a block, awaiting the stroke of the executioner!"

These words spoken by Maître Nicolas so terrified his hearers that, by a spontaneous movement, they all moved rapidly from him. The *cabaretier* also appeared to repent of his temerity, his visage expressed the greatest alarm, he trembled in every limb, and it was in tones singularly tremulous that he went on:

"Comrades, I rely on your discretion! I was only joking. I know, of course, that Monseigneur le Marquis is powerful enough to resist all the king's forces." He looked anxiously round, and perceiving none but friendly faces, continued:

"When I think of the courage displayed by the

Chevalier Sforzi, however, in his duel with Captain de Maurevert—a combat of which you were nearly all of you witnesses—I feel hope revive in my heart. Ah, dear comrades, if we were only rid of the Marquis de la Tremblais and his apostles, what happiness could be comparable with ours? No more forced labor, no more lashes, no more extortions, no more murders—how happy we should be. What is the use of looking so terrified? Imitate me, comrades, and have no fear. If you had heard what was publicly said in the streets of Clermont yesterday, you would all be more valiant. It appears that the king will not permit his poor people to be oppressed any longer, and that he has at last come seriously to our defence. All the nobles who have tyrannized over us are to be tried and punished, all vassals who have been wronged and injured are to be indemnified. Comrades, long live Henry III.!"

At this picture of happiness, which seemed fabulous to them, the mountaineers lost all their apprehensions, and repeated with noisy enthusiasm the cry raised by Maître Nicolas.

The worthy *cabaretier*, joining the prudence of the innkeeper with the enthusiasm of the patriot, collected some sous owing to him by his customers, and the column of mountaineers set forward on its way.

Noon was striking when the inhabitants of Saint Pardoux reached the gates of Riom. Noisy animation reigned in the town. A compact crowd of people, dressed in their Sunday clothes, was gathered without the fortifications, waiting the arrival of the king's delegates. Presently all noise was hushed into silence; the approach of the Commissioners was signalled.

Shortly afterwards five carriages, each drawn by four horses, appeared on the road. Immediately the sheriffs and consuls of the town, with six canons of the cathedral of Clermont, sent by the bishop, went forward in two lines to receive the envoys of the king.

In the first carriage was Maître Achille de Harlai, Seigneur de Beaumont, and Raoul Sforzi; the four other carriages contained fourteen judges.

We will not attempt to describe the eager curiosity, the ardent sympathy with which the Commissioners were greeted. The people saluted them with prolonged and deafening cheers, regarding them not only as their defenders, but as their avengers. The president, Monsieur de Harlai, and the Chevalier Sforzi attracted most attention, for the powers were known with which was invested, the first as president of the tribunal, the second as Commissioner Extraordinary of his Majesty.

By the side of the carriage occupied by the two superior delegates of the king, on a magnificently caparisoned horse, rode Captain de Maurevert. Unlike Raoul, the adventurer was radiant, and took no pains to restrain his joy.

"With what admiration and love all the women look at me—happy rogue that I am!" he murmured to himself, pressing back the crowd with the powerful chest of his steed. "At last I am installed in a post of real importance! Captain Roland de Maurevert, Grand Prévôt of all the forces of Auvergne—how well the title sounds!"

The personage who, after the Commissioners, awakened the greatest public curiosity was a man loaded with chains, and led by archers. At sight of the prisoner shouts of wild delight rose from the crowd on all sides; in the prisoner, Benoist, the leader of the apostles had been recognized.

The terror which the Marquis de la Tremblais' executioner inspired in the minds of the mountaineers was such that the *cabaretier*, on catching sight of him when he was hardly yet in view, was almost on the point of changing his cry of "Long live the King's Commissioners!" into "Long live Monseigneur le Marquis de la Tremblais!" However, after he had satisfied himself as to the number of the archers that had the wretch in custody, and observing the solidity of the bonds that held him, ashamed of his want of courage, he stooped low, so as to avoid being recognized, and shouted with all his might, "Long live Monsieur Sforzi! Death to the hangman and murderer, Benoist!"

Immediately afterwards the *cortège* reached the house of the Lieutenant Criminal, where a splendid collation and a select company awaited the Commissioners.

While the Commissioners were being entertained in the house of the high legal functionary, the crowd waiting in the streets to witness their departure was filled with an almost insane delight. People who had not spoken to one another for ten years now addressed each other as if they had been brothers, and embraced with the warmest demonstrations of friendliness.

It was already four o'clock when the *cortège* reached Clermont. Already half way, that is to say at the point called the Chapelle-de-Cabazat, the first deputations, sent by the capital city of Auvergne, had presented themselves to compliment the illustrious and terrible guests sent them by the king. As soon as the carriage bearing Messieurs de Harlai and Sforzi came in sight of the city, the Grand Prévôt of Auvergne, mounted at the head of his company of archers, one of the most numerous in France; then, after him, came the Chevalier of the Watch of Clermont, followed by more than sixty archers in red coats.

"Poor companion!" murmured de Maurevert, looking at the Grand Prévôt with an air of mockery. "If you only knew that the superb cavalier caracolled within a couple of paces of you is about to replace you in all your functions, you would not be quite so zealous, and would not waste so much time in trying to make us take your grimaces for smiles!"

The Marquis de Canilhac, who appeared in person to receive the Commissioners on their reaching the city, pretended to rejoice at their arrival, and made to them the strongest protestations of respect and obedience.

"Ah, supple and cunning companion!" muttered de Maurevert—"how you must now regret having helped me to save my gentle Sforzi from the gallows!"

After having received addresses from all the public bodies of the city, the *cortège* was at length permitted to enter Clermont by the postern gate—the drawbridge of which had been painted afresh for this solemnity—and passed on to the house of the Marquis de Canilhac, where the Commissioners were to sup.

As soon as Raoul had alighted, and before passing to the room which had been prepared for him to arrange his dress after the wear and tear of the journey, he sent for de Maurevert.

"Captain de Maurevert," he said, addressing the new Grand Prévôt of the province of Auvergne, "be so good as to follow me—I have some information to ask of you."

"At your orders, monseigneur," replied the captain, bowing lowly before the chevalier, and making way for him to pass first.

Hastily dismissing the servants, who were assisting to dress him, he bolted the door of the room, and then hurried towards de Maurevert.

"Well, captain," he cried, "have your inquiries resulted happily? Have your emissaries discovered any traces of Diane? May I still hope?"

"Dear companion," replied de Maurevert, who, the moment they were alone, returned to his habitual tone of familiarity, "I will not conceal from you that, so far, my endeavors have been fruitless. But, remember, I have yet hardly had time to think of the matter, having had enough to do to get here! But have patience—we shall find her."

"When it is too late!" cried Raoul, passionately.

"Oh! forgive me for interrupting you. Mademoiselle is endowed with such superhuman virtue that a delay of two or three weeks cannot put her innocence in any greater danger; and besides, the longer you are separated the more delightful will be your meeting! Don't roll your eyes so furiously, and drive the nails into the palms of your hands. Rage is useless. Instead of quarrelling like two boys, let us combine our plan of action. Will you listen to me, dear companion?"

"I listen to you, captain."

"It appears to me," continued de Maurevert, with the utmost coolness, "that it is through the apostle Benoist we must operate; this scoundrel—one of the actual abductors of Diane—must certainly be aware of the designs of his master. The thing to be done is to make him tell what he knows."

"Have I not vainly questioned him ten different times?"

"By Mercury, dear Raoul, your simplicity is delightful! You questioned him, and he would not answer—astonishing, was it not? Why, you might as well be wonderstruck at a bear's not returning your politeness! There are two ways, almost infallible, of wringing his secret from this scoundrel."

"What means, captain?"

"The first—which I will not conceal from you is most to my taste—is to apply to him a strongish dose of the torture. Nobody better than myself knows the science of the thumbscrew and the brodequins, or what can be done with a pair of pincers. There is not a sworn tormentor capable of matching the knowledge and experience of a valiant captain who has commanded bands of rioters and free-lances, and passed twenty years of his life in civil wars. Give me your permission, and I answer for the success."

"What is the other way?" inquired Raoul, after a short pause.

"The other way is exactly the opposite of the first," replied de Maurevert; "but the moment you abjure the use of force you fall into weakness. Promise this vile scoundrel Benoist, a thousand crowns, paid down, with his liberty, if he consents to tell you where Diane is concealed, and I will consent to be hanged if the wretch will not betray his master without hesitation."

"Captain," said Raoul sadly, "honor forbids me to employ either of the means you advise me to adopt. It is not possible for me, without betraying all my duties, to use for my own private service the powers the king has deigned to confer upon me. My mission is a holy and sacred thing." For a few moments he paced up and down the room, then again addressing de Maurevert, said: "Captain, order the apostle Benoist to be brought here."

de Maurevert was doubtless about to dissuade Sforzi from again making a useless attempt to draw Benoist from his obstinate silence when he suddenly checked himself.

"The devil take me," he muttered to himself as he left the room, "if, before an hour is passed, I do not make this scoundrel speak out!"

A quarter of an hour later the apostle Benoist entered the chevalier's room, the escort accompanying him remaining outside.

The countenance of the wretched executioner of the Marquis de la Tremblais contrasted singularly in its insolence with his position as an accused. The first look which he cast on Sforzi almost resembled a threat, and he himself, without being invited, opened the conversation in a mocking tone.

"Monseigneur," he said, "I should be glad to know, before commencing this interview, whether I am appearing before the Commissioner Extraordinary of his Majesty, or whether I am

simply in the presence of my old acquaintance, Monsieur Sforzi?"

Raoul turned pale with anger, but recalling to mind of what utility the assistance of the ruffian might be in the recovery of Diane, he made a violent effort to restrain himself, and replied gently:

"His Majesty's Commissioner will have no knowledge of anything that passes between us at this interview; you may therefore speak out freely, and without fear."

"Thanks for the permission you so generously grant of being of service to you," replied Benoist, with a short laugh; "be quite sure I shall not abuse it."

Raoul must have been very unhappy at the abduction of Diane to bear such insolence patiently.

"Benoist," he said, after a brief silence, "I will give you all I possess, nearly ten thousand crowns, if you will tell me where Mademoiselle d'Erlanges has been concealed."

"What would be the good of your money to me, if I am to be hanged?" replied the apostle. "What I want is security. Will you pledge me your honor as a gentleman, not to pay any heed to the calumnies which are sure to be made against me during the sittings of the Commission?"

"My duty forbids me to enter into any such engagement, Benoist."

"Why?"

"Because I should betray the confidence of the king, my master."

"And I—at your entreaty only—am to betray the confidence of my master, the Marquis de la Tremblais! Where is the difference in our positions? Abandon the interest of his majesty—and I will betray to you those of my marquis; remain faithful to your duty, and I remain faithful to mine! That is my last word! No, not quite my last. I am under apprehension for my safety as far as you are concerned, you, I am well assured, can do nothing against me. You think I am mad; oh, no! I enjoy the full use of my reason—and that tells me that whenever I appear before the Commissioners, my most powerful defender will be Monsieur le Chevalier Sforzi!"

"You must have lost your senses, Benoist."

"Not at all, chevalier; but fortunately for me, I have several strings to my bow—especially the knowledge of an important secret. Oh!—not concerning Mademoiselle d'Erlanges!"

Raoul, filled with astonishment at these enigmatical words, was reflecting what to do, when the door of the room opened, and de Maurevert entered.

A glance was sufficient to inform the new Grand Prévôt of Auvergne as to the position of the two interlocutors, to assure him that, in the combat which was taking place, the advantage was not with Raoul.

"Get back to your dungeon, gallows-bird!" he cried, pushing the apostle roughly before him; "you will hardly have time to study your part in the very serious entertainment preparing for you. Reflect, that your office of hangman imposes on you the necessity of dying not only with courage, but with grace and politeness of manner. You smile, amiable Benoist! Very good!—that is bearing yourself bravely! Do you know what I should do, if I had the misfortune to be in your place? While they were pressing me—for you will have to be pressed, while they were breaking me on the wheel—for you will be broken on the wheel, I should sing either a drinking or a love song; that would drown the hootings of the crowd, and have a prodigious success. You will sing, will you not, gentle Benoist?"

The Chief of the Apostles shrugged his shoulders, and replied mockingly:

"I thank you infinitely for your good advice, captain; but, alas! it is not possible for me to profit by it."

"You have not a singing voice? Well then, instead of singing you shall declaim; the effect produced by your gracefulness of action will be all the greater. I will send you a choice of modern poetry to your dungeon to-morrow, amiable Benoist; and, if you take my advice, you will select something from either Maître Balf or Maître Ronsard."

"Benoist will not need to avail himself of your advice, captain," said Sforzi; "he is not going to die, he says."

"Not going to die!" repeated de Maurevert, pretending the greatest astonishment.

"He declares," continued Raoul, "that he possesses a secret which ensures him impunity."

"A secret!" cried the captain, with affected commiseration; "unhappy man, how could you act so indiscreetly? Did it not occur to you that, from the moment your indiscretions are of a kind to compromise a gentleman of honor, you would be executed privately, in secret, in your dungeon? What a triumph you have spoiled!—your poetical declamation would have had such a beautiful effect!"

The wretch's blood ran cold as he listened to the ironical address of the new Grand Prévôt of the province of Auvergne.

"Monseigneur," continued de Maurevert, bowing lowly to Sforzi, "if it is your excellency's wishes that this good fellow Benoist, should not appear before the Commissioners, there is no time to lose. The execution must be proceeded with to-night. If your lordship would leave the matter with me, I will to-morrow inform any one who may take the trouble to inquire about him, that he anticipated the fate preparing for him by a voluntary death."

"Let him be taken back to his dungeon," replied Sforzi; "I will determine between now and to-morrow what shall be done with him."

de Maurevert seized Benoist by the arm, and

flung him out of the room into the hands of the archers, who were waiting outside the door. "Captain," cried the wretched man, whose impudence and audacity had by this time completely disappeared—"captain, I implore you, with joined hands, let me speak with monsieur."

"Remove this knave!" said De Maurevert. The Chief of the Apostles was dragged away by the archers.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE JUDGE AND THE MAN.

Half an hour later, Sforzi seated in the place of honor, having on his right President Harlai, and on his left the Marquis de Canilhac, took part in a magnificent supper prepared for the Royal Commissioners. The supper ended, the company passed into the vast reception-rooms of the Governor's house, where the principal ladies and gentlemen of the higher nobility of the province were already assembled.

There was actual rivalry among these feudal nobles as to which of them should show most respect for the terrible deputies of the king; their obsequiousness proving how vulnerable most of these gentlemen felt themselves to be. It was to be remarked, however, that, relatively speaking, few of the most culpable had joined the assembly at the "Government."

The excitement and astonishment of all present was extreme, therefore, when a valet threw open the folding doors of the principal room and announced Monsieur le Marquis de la Tremblais, and almost instantly the proud and haughty chateau entered the drawing-room.

"Death!" whispered De Maurevert in Raoul's ear, "this audacity pleases me! Dear companion, if you do not take advantage of this occasion—which will never be repeated—to make sure of his person, I shall hold you for the most foolish gentleman on earth!"

On seeing the marquis appear, Sforzi turned as pale as death, and lightnings flashed from his eyes. It was with a voice at once grave and calm, however, that he answered De Maurevert.

"Captain, I have sworn to the king to accomplish faithfully the mission he has deigned to confide to me; I shall not perjure my oath. Since the citation has not yet been issued against Monsieur le Marquis de la Tremblais, I am bound to respect his liberty."

"Thousand legions of devils!" muttered the captain, biting his moustache furiously, "if Raoul begins by falling into legality, he will come to no good. The Grand Turk strangle me if I trouble myself with anything but my own interests while the Commission is sitting."

The excitement caused by the audacious and unexpected apparition of the Marquis de la Tremblais was the greater for not one of those present being ignorant of his past treatment of the Chevalier Sforzi. The excitement was still further increased when he was seen, before saluting the Governor, to make his way towards Raoul. A dead silence took the place of the noise and animation which had filled the room—every one expected the occurrence of some grave event.

Sforzi stood with crossed arms, fixed look, and unmoved visage, and, for the extraordinary paleness of his face, it might have been supposed that he did not recognize his disloyal enemy and would-be executioner.

"Monsieur Sforzi," said the marquis, bowing slightly, "allow me to express at once my gratification and surprise at your return to our province. It is reported that you have preserved an unpleasant recollection of your first sojourn in Auvergne; your presence in Clermont strikingly contradicts this idle rumor. It appears, Monsieur Sforzi, that King Henry III. has sent you to ascertain, judge, and punish the crimes of the nobility. Death of my life!—you have undertaken a delicate mission! What do you consider to be the crimes of the nobility?—is it to wear a sword and pay no taxes?—to fight for the defence of the kingdom, and the glory of the king? Is it his Majesty's pleasure that we should bare our backs to the cudgels of our vassals, that we should make ourselves the valets of our domestics, the slaves of our servants? If such are the intentions of Henry of Valois, I tell you plainly, Monsieur Sforzi, you will find some trouble in converting me to his majesty's way of thinking. I respect the person of his majesty infinitely, but may I be spat upon and shamed by the lowest groom if ever I suffer his Envoys and Commissioners to penetrate my castle. I await your answer, Monsieur Sforzi."

Though Raoul had not once attempted to interrupt his audacious and impudent interlocutor, and though his countenance remained cold and unmoved, De Maurevert saw, by an almost imperceptible contraction of the brows, that the young man, at the end of his patience, was on the point of giving himself up to a transport of rage, of falling into one of his terrible fits of ungovernable fury.

"By Minerva!" he muttered to himself, "De la Tremblais must feel very sure of his security to venture to brave Sforzi in this manner. Perhaps it is part of a plan to provoke a scene of violence. Ah, my cunning marquis, if that is so, you have counted without the perspicacity of a certain Captain De Maurevert. Nothing so quickly excites in me suspicion as seeing a palatino insult a man of courage. It is an invariable sign that treason is at work. Ha! the veins of Raoul's forehead are beginning to swell. It is time to act!"

De Maurevert sprang between the two enemies, and smiling amicably on the Marquis, said:

"Allow me, marquis, to present to you my

most friendly civilities. I cannot express the delight this wholly unexpected meeting causes me. How well you are looking—you are positively growing fat! The air of Paris has evidently agreed with you. Yet how singular!—while your body has grown in bulk, your face remains as thin as ever. Ah, it does not require the genius of Monsieur Esculapius to account for this phenomena!—your pourpoint covers a coat of Milan steel! You are on some expedition, then, this evening, marquis? By the mass, if Huguenots are in the case, you have only to speak, and I am your man!"

The Marquis de la Tremblais, who at first appeared to be greatly irritated by the captain's intervention, could not hide his rage at these last words.

"Monsieur," he replied, in a haughty and almost aggressive tone, "our friendship has never, that I know of, been so great as to warrant your addressing me with such familiarity. Whatever expedition I may be bound on, is no business of yours; and I have no need of your service."

"Ah, marquis!" cried De Maurevert, whom this impertinent response left quite calm and cool, "this is a villainous way of thanking the devotion I am showing to your interests. For fear, Marquis de la Tremblais, you should take a fancy to push your insults still further, I retire. I feel sure that, as soon as you are cooler, you will regret your injustice."

The departure of the captain appeared to disturb the marquis considerably, and, after a short hesitation, he hurriedly left the room. A quarter of an hour passed, and the excitement caused by the audacity of the marquis had not yet subsided, when De Maurevert re-entered the ball-room.

"Dear Raoul," he said, approaching Sforzi and lowering his voice to a whisper, "it was lucky I took to playing the fox instead of the lion. That ingenious marquis was accompanied by four hundred horsemen, posted in the neighborhood of the Government. The Commissioners have had a narrow escape. If the marquis had succeeded in picking a quarrel, there would have been a great row, and heaven knows how we might have come off. Though the streets are filled with peasants shouting 'Long Live the Commissioners!' the wretches would take flight like a cloud of rooks at the sight of a sportsman, without thinking of defending us."

"I begin to think that no good will come to us from the accomplishment of our mission. The lower people and small traders are with us, it is true; but what assistance would such allies give us against the three hundred feudal nobles of the province? Nothing will make me believe that we shall not come to a pitched battle with cannon. I shall, henceforth, take my precautions against treason or surprise. The gates of Clermont shall be guarded as if the city were in a state of siege, and all armed persons found in the street shall be immediately hung or shot. Good-bye Raoul; when shall I see you again?"

"In an hour, captain."

"Where?"

"In my chamber."

Such was the fear inspired by the Marquis de la Tremblais—in spite of the presence of the king's Commissioners—that, during the rest of the evening, a vague uneasiness reigned in the drawing-rooms of Monsieur de Canilhac; and it was with significant alacrity that as soon as the hour of departure arrived, every one hurried from the Governor's house.

Sforzi had retired to his room when faithful to his promise, De Maurevert presented himself before him. Freed from the curiosity of the crowd and from all other restraints Raoul allowed the storm, which the appearance of the marquis had aroused within him, to burst forth.

"Death of my life!" he cried, his hands clenched and his lips quivering; "I have had to endure a hard struggle to prevent the judge disappearing in the man. If I have to go through another such ordeal as that through which I have passed this evening, I feel that it will be beyond my strength. I shall succumb to temptation and assassinate the marquis. What audacity he has. I know not how I succeeded in restraining myself from springing upon him and compelling him to tell me what he had done with Diane! I swear to God that, though I may afterwards weep away all the tears in my body in regrets and die of remorse, I will not shrink from any means of assuring me vengeance!—as a gentleman, I will pursue him with my sword; as a judge, with the law; as a lover, with the poignard! De Maurevert I count on your assistance; I pledge you my word to accept the responsibility of all you may attempt; your acts shall be mine, and—I give you unlimited power—what you determine on doing shall be done."

After pronouncing these words, Sforzi fell back exhausted into his chair, great tears rolling down his cheeks. De Maurevert seized the young man's hands, and in tones of real emotion said:

"My dear friend, though the cause of your distress seems to me to be unreasonable, I none the less feel for your suffering. I am glad to see you decide on using, for your own personal interests, the powers confided to you by the king. Count on me as on yourself; I make your interests mine. I only require that you shall ask of me no explanation of the means I shall employ to attain our object. You must rest content with saying to yourself, 'De Maurevert had his reasons for what he did; let me not trouble myself as to his combinations.' In return for this confidence on your part, dear Raoul, I will get you back your Diane."

Sforzi was about to reply but the Grand Prévôt went on, without giving him time to speak:

"And now, beloved companion," he said, "let me advise you to commence the sittings of the Commissioners as quickly as possible. If you give the nobles time to reconnoitre and recover from their bewilderment, it is to be feared that they will organize a league, and take to arms."

"Fear nothing on that head, captain," cried Raoul. "Every minute that delays the hour of my vengeance will appear like a year added to my torment. I am eager to begin the struggle. The day after to-morrow the first case will be dealt with."

"What will the first case be—do you know, Raoul?"

"It will prove," cried Sforzi, energetically, "that his Majesty's delegates do not hesitate to attack the most culpable, however powerful they may be. The crimes of the Marquis de la Tremblais have scandalized and terrified the Province of Auvergne. It is the Marquis de la Tremblais, therefore, who will first take his place on the bench of the accused!"

De Maurevert shook his head in sign of doubt; then, after a slight pause, said:

"If you would take my advice, Raoul, you would, on the contrary, keep the cause of the Marquis de la Tremblais for the last sitting of the Commission."

"You are jesting, surely, captain?"

"Not in the least, my dear friend—far from it. The man who possesses an almost impregnable stronghold, with four hundred men-at-arms, and munitions in abundance, will not be so obliging as to come politely at your summons, and take his seat on the bench of the accused."

"Do you think the marquis will dare to resist the orders of the king?"

"By Momus!—that is a question worthy of Maître Sibillot, dear Raoul. To count on the submission of the marquis is simple madness."

"Let him resist," cried Raoul, hoarsely; "it is the warmest of my wishes. I have my revenge to take for the fatal and abominable night of the surprise of Tauve—to avenge myself as a gentleman, sword and dagger in hand! Oh, it will be only too great a happiness!"

(To be continued.)

HERALDIC CANTING.

BY THE REV. S. B. JAMES, M. A.

A canting man or woman we know all about. Such people are not common, not even so common as they used to be; but when they do appear upon the everyday stage, and are described as "that canting Mrs. Fitz-Pharisee," or "those canting young Roundabouts," nobody thinks of asking, "What is the meaning of 'canting,' pray?" The term "canting," in its moral and social bearings, implies such a suspicion and likelihood of hypocrisy that no vocal peculiarity, no whine or sing-song of the mere voice, justifies its use. As one may be a hypocrite without being a canting hypocrite, so one may have an unhappy nasal whine without being a necessary hypocrite. The word "canting" has not, however, quite made up his mind as yet whether it shall go beyond the mere suspicion of hypocrisy. A "cant" is not a matter-of-course hypocrite, so far. But the two words live very near together, and on very good terms.

About "Heraldic Canting" there is no doubt or question at all. It is as certainly straightforward as the social canting is uncertainly crooked. And yet we do not know so much about a canting crest, a canting motto, or canting arms, as we do about a canting man or woman.

Before explaining by illustration the significance and drift of these heraldic expressions, it should be remarked that heraldry has a language of its own, or at least a terminology of its own, as distinct as the "Romany" of the gipsies, or the nomenclature of the botanists. The color which ordinary mortals look upon as red is called "gules" in this heraldic language, gold color is "or," and silver white is "argent." Many of the people who pay two guineas a year for the privilege of having their handsome coat-of-arms borne upon the panels of their carriages, know no more about how to describe them in good set phrase, than inexperienced ritualists know the correct names and titles which appertain to the modern science and art of severe ritualism.

On this principle, if principle it be, the term "punning," which everybody knows, becomes "canting" the moment it is applied to a crest or motto. The crest of Nicholas Breakspear, the only Englishman who ever became Pope (as Andrian IV), was a broken spear, for example: the motto of the Seton family is "Set on," and the Oxford city arms are an ox crossing a ford. Heraldry does not call these punning, but it calls them canting devices and fancies—why canting I cannot tell. The French term, *armes parlantes*, or "speaking shields," may be explanatory, as suggesting that "canting arms" are "singing arms," arms that "speak" or "chant" their meaning, and softly sing their punning suggestions and allusions. I can think of no other derivational explanation.

Some of these canting fancies are striking, and most of them are remarkable, only a very few being silly or trifling, and those few probably not of ancient date or illustrious origin. The

canting is not always English canting, but sometimes French or Latin. Sometimes an English name cants out its motto in Latin or French; sometimes the cant or pun is, but the family name cut in halves, and sometimes the allusion is more or less obscure. There are not many names which would not suffer, even if they did not suggest, canting arms, or crests, or mottoes.

The best known of all canting mottoes is that of the Vernons. There is a bit of Latin, known to schoolboys, which says, "Ver non semper viret;" or, Spring not always flourishes; join together the two first words and the bit of Latin becomes "Vernon semper viret;" or, Vernon always flourishes: a play upon words which is really neat and witty. Another motto is associated with the sturdy old Cromwellian Fairfaxes and is also Latin, viz., "Fare fac," Say and do; or, Preach and practise; or (freely), A word and a blow. Pronunciation is taken great liberties with in these canting mottoes, "fare fac" being treated as if it were two syllables, whereas (unlike Fairfax) it really is three; and two-syllabled "cave," Latin for beware, being the motto of the one-syllabled English Cave family. Again, the Pierreponts have "Pie repon te," which reads in its Pierrepont form as if it were a two-syllabled exhortation instead of being, what it really is, a direction made up of three Latin words and six Latin syllables; but what of that? It looks like Pierrepont, it has got a meaning, if not a very clear or forcible meaning, and so it does its duty by the family who have adopted it as well as does many another motto. Its meaning is authoritatively given as "Repose with pious confidence," which is as free a translation as can often be found. In the Onslow motto, a Latin proverb, "Festina lente," which signifies Advance slowly, or, On slow, conveys the pun with considerable aptness, grammar being no obstacle, adjectives being usable for adverbs, and *vice versa*, in the manufacture or adoption of canting mottoes. I remember, years ago, hearing a poetical puzzle, as it was called, out of which you were to find the names of trees; and in looking into the heraldic question of canting mottoes, I am strongly reminded of that not very cryptographic poem. "The tree that invites you to travel" was orange, "the tree where ships may be" was the bay, and "the tree that is nearest the sea" was—need I say?—the beech. That was really a kind of botanical, or arboricultural cant, which strongly resembles the heraldic.

The canting crests and arms are as clever as the canting mottoes. The crest of the Woods is an oak; a sheaf of cummin is borne by a branch of the Comyns; the Trotter family bear a horse; the Harthills, a heart on a hill; the Cranstons, some cranes; the Frasers, some *frases*, or strawberry-flowers; the Castletons, a castle or two, and the like. Some families, taking extra pains to avow that they are not ashamed of their name and its significations, and not content with either canting crest or canting motto, show both; as, for example, the ancient Lockharts, who carry hearts and fetter-locks on their shield, and whose noble motto is, "I open locked hearts," done into Latin, and in this case into correct and non-barbaric Latin.

One of the most singular canting mottoes I have discovered cants indirectly, and by means of the initial letter of its four component words. It is "Kynd kyn knawne keppe," or, Keep your own kin kind, don't indulge in family quarrels, and this is the motto of the Kaye family, I think the Lister-Kaye family. Those four initials K's are the evidently *partante* part of the fancy, and I cannot recall any other motto that puns upon a letter, doubtless because such names as Hay (A), Kew (Q), and Ough (O), are if they exist, not soon found. Of the rhyming as well as canting motto of the DoYLES, "Do no yll (no ill or noll), quoth Doyle," I have treated elsewhere; as also of the Nevilles, "Ne vile velis," of the Fanes, "Ne vile fano," and of the Cavendishes, "Cavendo tutus." The Bompases, "Un bon pas," the Maynards, "Manus justa nardus," the Veres, "Vero nil verius," and a score of others, are both curious and interesting. In heraldry, and in this feature of heraldry, there is much food for thought and much opportunity for research. The links that bind us to the past are worth preservation, be they ancient manuscripts, venerable tombstones, heraldic bearings, or what they may. If crests and mottoes have given occasion to some folly and pretentiousness, they have also shed a lustre upon many an historic page, cleared up many an archeological difficulty, and preserved many a noble tradition. This may be said, not of course especially, but exclusively, of canting crests, *armes parlantes*, and punning mottoes.

SUBSTITUTES FOR TEA.—The American Agricultural Bureau brings mate under attention, and by comparative analysis proves that yupon, maté, and tea and coffee all contain the same active principle—thein. Maté, says the *Philadelphia Medical Reporter*, is a Peruvian weed, largely indulged in by Indians and half-breeds. It is concocted in a small silver porringer, with a tight lid and a small spout, which spout goes the round of the blackened mouths of the maté-sucking circle. It is a great breach of etiquette in Peru to refuse to take maté on such conditions. The last proposition is to supplant tea and coffee by "yupon," and the proposition also, says the *British Medical Journal*, comes from the National Department of Agriculture. "Yupon" is an Indian word, and the plant itself is the cassine yupon, the *Alexandria* a diuretic, and in large quantities emetic. It was used by the aborigines and also by the "poor white folks" in former days.

THE LATE F. W. LORING.

The family of the brilliant young writer, Frederick W. Loring, who was slain by the Apaches near Wickenburg, Arizona, in November, 1871, while serving with Lieutenant Wheeler's expedition as a correspondent of the *Tribune*, have recovered the effects that were on his person when he fell. In his pocket-book, along with some unfinished sketches, were the following graceful verses, now first given to the world:

Do you ask me, starry eyes,
To describe the lover true?

Wonder not at my surprise,
Who should know as well as you.
Think of all that you have seen,
All the lovers that have been;
He is true whose love is shown,
For her sake, and not his own.

What he does, he does alone;
Yes he hopes it wins her thought,
All that in his soul has grown,
To her sovereign feet is brought;
To his soul her image clings,
She seems woven in all things,
And each thought that in him stirs,
Is not for his sake, but hers.

For her sake he will endure,
For her sake will sacrifice;
Bravely bearing, her love sure,
Censure, slander, scorn, advice.
If another wins her heart,
Sadly he will from her part;
Sadly, bravely, true love is
For her sake, and not for his.

That is the true lover sweet—
True as ever I am true;
For my love is all complete,
Perfect, since it comes from you,
Darling, yet 'tis not true—no!
For I could not let you go,
I must keep you where you have grown,
For my sake, and for your own.

For your own, because I love
More than any other can;
More than ever love could move,
Heart of any former man;
Look at me and then agree,
Nove have ever loved like me;
For whatever I may do,
Is because I live in you.

Kiss, and so shut speech away,
When old age our life has spent,
'Twill be time enough to say,
What is love in argument?
For the present all stars shine;
You are here and you are mine.
Love makes light, and song, and flowers,
For whose sake? Dear love, for ours.

KITTY BLAKE; OR, CONNEMARA, CON AMORE.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

One bitterly cold night in the February of 1872, I quitted my comfortable study for the purpose of ensconcing myself behind a white tie, and of encasing my person in those stereotyped sable garments which cry, "Open, sesame," at the portals of Society.

My friends, the Wilkins, were indulging in a fit of insanity, and the attack, which in the commencement promised to be of a somewhat mild form, gradually assumed graver symptoms, until it culminated in a tremendous ball. Vainly I pleaded a necessity for reading up a case with which the eminent firm of Tozer and Bulsome had entrusted me. Vainly I declared to Wilkin, upon the honor of a man and a brother, that I was "out of that sort of thing;" that I had read that particular chapter in the book of Life clean through *ab ovo usque ad mala*, and that I was only good for the mahogany; he didn't or rather wouldn't see it, and with a sense of bitter injury at my heart, and an unmistakable sense of frost at the tip of my nose and my extremities generally, I pulled myself together, dressed hurriedly, and arrived at Harley Street in a humor the very reverse of amiable, and with the full determination of merely showing myself to Mrs. Wilkin, imbibing a glass or perhaps two of sherry, and getting back to resume the perusal of a novel.

L'homme propose.

The crush had not as yet been well turned on, so my ascent to the drawing-rooms was no very difficult task. Upon the lobby Mrs. Wilkin was standing, behind a huge bouquet which commanded the staircase like a great floral gun; and Wilkin was prowling in the immediate vicinity, with the air of a man who had succeeded in losing half a sovereign, and was engaged in looking for it as though he wanted it very badly indeed.

"Ah, Mr. Brookley! I'm so glad that you have come. Freddy told me you were doubtful—all clever men are, but you know I always believe in you, and I look to your aid to make this little affair go off well."

I groaned in spirit. This meant stopping until the candles were snuffed out—until the tallow-faced greengrocers were paid off—until the milkman arrived at the area railings, and until I should be jibed by disappointed cabbies as "the cove as was a-playin' the pianer."

"By the way, Brookley, there's a little Irish girl stopping here, a Miss Blake. Come, and I'll introduce you as a friend of mine," observed Wilkin, dragging me, *bon gré, mal gré*, towards a mass of *tulle illusion* surmounted by a bunch of white flowers.

Now any Irish girls whom I had hitherto been fortunate enough to meet had, somehow or other, been always too much for me. If I was *blasé*, they were saucy. If I was *dégagé*, they were sentimental. If I was learned, they were blissfully and gushingly ignorant. I had been invariably foiled, and my most skillful fencing went for nothing. I had not been able to score a palpable hit under any circumstances whatsoever.

I held back much after the fashion of a dog being led to corporal punishment through the medium of a collar and a string—bowed a grim ungainly bow, and proceeded to fiddle with the buttons of a pair of soiled, bulgy gloves, and to glare in every direction save that supposed to be occupied by Mrs. Wilkin's Hibernian guest.

At this juncture an attenuated, waxen-looking, half-fed artist hung in chains, and clad in garments shining with grease and threadbare from age, proceeded to pound away upon the piano, aided and abetted by a pudgy man, who appeared to be blowing his whole person into a battered cornean, and another conspirator, who discharged his duties to society and to Wilkin by dolefully scraping upon a violoncello.

"This is our quadrille," exclaimed a very sweet voice at my elbow, with just a touch of the brogue pervading it like a perfume, and a soft little hand placed itself confidently upon my arm. I had not asked her to dance—she had evidently taken it for granted.

Would I say that I never danced? that I had sprained my foot? or invent some patent and plausible excuse?

No! It would not be fair to mine hostess, so I sullenly resigned myself to my fate.

"This is my first visit to London," chirped Miss Blake.

"Oh, indeed!"

"I live in the wilds of Connemara."

"I wish you were there just now," was my inner thought.

"It's the wildest place on the face of the earth, and the loveliest—but won't you secure a *vis-à-vis*?"

I compounded with a pink-faced youth, who was in the talons of a tall, lean, vulture-like woman, to face me in the forthcoming melancholy ceremony, and to assist in carrying out its sad solemnities in all their funereal details.

"Have you ever visited Ireland, Mr. Brookley?" asked Miss Blake, at the conclusion of the first figure.

"I should think not. Ireland is a wretched mistake."

The moment the words escaped from my lips, I could have parted with a good deal of ready money to have been enabled to draw them back again. They were childish, rude, ungentleman-like, and I turned to her to apologise.

The hot flush was upon her cheek, the little hands were clenched until the gloves threatened to "burst up," and her flashing eyes met mine as she hotly retorted—

"You must be an English boor to say so."

The *pas seul* commenced, and, to use a stage phrase, Miss Blake "went on."

What a charming figure! What an elegant turn of the head! What grace in every movement?

I had committed a thrice accursed mistake, and I felt it. She went through the entire figure alone. She would not deign to take—to touch my outstretched hand. I had no words at will to cudge into a proper form of apology, and I was bewildered by her beauty.

Lovely blue eyes, with sweeping blue-black lashes; a dainty little nose, with a rosebud mouth, and teeth like muffled diamonds; radiant brown hair in massive plaits—and her expression!

Ay de mi Alhama!

We did not speak during the quadrille. The pink-faced youth—confound his impudence—struck up an acquaintanceship with her, and treated the vulture-looking woman badly. I felt inclined to hurl him at his partner, impale him upon her nose, and rush frantically from the house. The charming disdain with which I was treated by Miss Blake rendered me more miserable, and it was only when the laws of society compelled her, at the conclusion of the dance, to take my arm, in order to be conducted to the place from whence she came, that I ventured to exclaim—

"I implore you to forgive me—I did not know what I was saying—I am worse than a boor. Hear me for one moment," and in a few eager words I honestly revealed to her the irritated and inflamed condition of my mind, upon finding myself stranded in a scene so utterly at variance with my mood, and compelled, as it were, to drink the bitter cup to the uttermost dregs.

My pleading was full of the redeeming influence of earnestness, and I succeeded in achieving her forgiveness. She danced with me again and again. I saw the candles snuffed out, be-

held the tallow-faced greengrocers paid off, met the morning milk without finching, and returned the playful banter of the cabbies in a mood so utterly different from that which I had pictured to myself a few short hours previously, that—

Pshaw! who can control the inner mechanism of the heart?

One glorious morning in August last found me seated beside the driver of one of Bianconi's long cars which travel between Westport and Clifden, and, as a consequence, through the heart of the wildest and most picturesque scenery in Connemara. I had, amongst other vows, registered one—that, so soon as circumstances would permit, I would undertake a pilgrimage to Boljolderun Hall—to the shrine of Miss Katherine, *alias* Kitty Blake.

It is unnecessary for me to state that I had many reasons to urge me to take this excursion, and that I had one in particular; in fact, my heart, had somehow or other, slipped from beneath my waistcoat—had travelled, in company with Miss Blake, to her mountain home; and it was with a view of recovering it, and of taking the young lady in question into the bargain, if my luck was up, that I was now perched high in air, behind a pair of "roaring gimlets," and jogging along the roadway skirting that desolate but romantic inlet of the Atlantic, known as the Killerin.

In a happy moment I negotiated with the driver, Phil Dempsey, for possession of the box-seat, and almost ere we had quitted the town of Westport, I had come on close, if not confidential, terms with that worthy son of the whip.

Phil is a crooked, hard-featured, sententious little man, whose word is law, whose decision is an *ultimatum*. He knows every man, woman, and child along the road—their belongings, their respective histories, their hopes, and their fears. He carries small parcels for the "quality," and a letter, if good cause is shown why it could not travel by the legitimate course of Her Majesty's Mail. He has all the Dublin news, and is regarded in the light of "a knowledgeable man." Instinctively I led up to the subject nearest to my heart.

"Me know the Blakes av Boljolderun? Begorra, I do thin, breed, seed, and generation. They're decent people av the rale ould stock. Miss Kitty travelled wud me a few weeks ago; she kem from Dublin, but she was over the wather beyant, in London. Sorra a much good that wud do her, or any wan else."

I expressed a hope that she was looking well after her trip.

"Och, rosy an' well, shure enough; and why wudn't she? What would thruble her? Her father thinks diamonds is too poor for her, and her mother wud burn the house av she riz her little finger. They'll not be thrubled wud her long; she's too dawny a creature for the boys to lave alone. I tuk a Mither Crane from Dublin over to the Hall last week, an' be me song, he was mighty tender on her."

This was alarming. I endeavored to probe into the antecedents of this abominable person, but I could only ascertain, after a deal of circumlocution, that he was the possessor of "an illigant portmanteau," and that he was "a nice man, an' a nice-mannered man."

"Good morning, Father James, good morning kindly."

This was addressed to a Catholic clergyman, who was swinging along the road with a jaunty air, bespeaking the motion of one to whom a twenty-mile walk was no uncommon occurrence.

"That's wan of the most knowledgeable min in this country, sir," observed Dempsey, when we had proceeded a little distance; "but he wanst bit intirely, oute as he is—an' there's the spot," he added, pointing to a small patch of strand directly beneath us.

"This is how it kem about, sir.—Git up, ye basties!" (addressing the horses), "don't let the gentleman see yez thrate me that way; git up.—Well, sir, Father James was on his bades and his brevary one winthry mornin', and he was prayin' away, whin a boy kem runnin' up the boren cryin' murder, an' that a man was wracked below on the rocks forinst ye, an' that he wasn't expected for to live, an' for Father James to run to him at wanst, for the love av Heaven! So Father James run the bades and the brevary into the pocket av his small-clothes, and away wud him to that very spot, sir, as nimble as a roe; an' shure enough, there was a poor say-farin' man lyin' for dead on the say rack, an' not as much breath in him as wud cause the eye av a midge to wink.

"Have none of yez a tent av sperrits about yez," says Father James. "Have none av yez a tent av sperrits to put betune this poor man's shammy an' the cowl?" says Father James, risin' at it.

"Now, sir, they were all afeard to say 'Yes,' becase he denounced potheen from the althar, an' if they wor to say 'Yes,' they'd be only kitched by the holy father. At last Biddy O'Donoghoe, who is always as bowld as brass, says—

"Arrah, where wud we get it, Father James? Maybe ye'd have a drop in that bottle that's stickin' out av yer coat-pocket."

"How dar' ye, ye owld faggot?" says Father James, but he pulled up short, for shure enough, whin he was lavin' the house, he run it into his buzzum, thinkin' it might be wanted, an' forgot it intirely; so he lifted the poor say-farin' man's head up, and gev him a scoop. Bedad, but it put life into him, sir!" cried Dempsey, giving the horses a tremendous cut, probably with a view of instilling a little life into them—"it put life into him, and he gev a great sigh,

"He wants another sup, yer riverance," sez wan.

"Let me hould the bottle, Father James," sez another.

"Whist, ye haythens!" says his riverance, houldin' up his hand, for the poor say-farin' man was thyrin' to spake, but the rattles was in his throat.

"Say wan word," sez Father James, "to say ye die a Christian an' a Catholic."

"The poor man thried, but he was that wake that he cudn't."

"Say wan little word to let me know that ye die a Catholic," says Father James.

"The say-farin' man made a great athruggle, and screeched, loud enough to be heard in Leenawon, 'Down wid the Pope!'—an' he died, sir, an' that's how Father James was bit intirely."

The car was pretty well crowded, and upon one side amongst the occupants was a sergeant of a militia regiment, proceeding to the depot stationed at Galway. This gallant son of Mars was seated beside a very good-looking young girl, to whom he paid the most chivalrous and marked attention. Now it was the sergeant's habit, at intervals along the road, to bound gaily from the car, enter a *shebeen*, remain there a few minutes, and then rejoin the vehicle, betraying all the symptoms of having "laid on" a little refreshment during his temporary absence. His attentions to the young lady became more marked as we proceeded on our journey, and such exclamations as "Gelang ow o' that, sargeint," "Lave me alone," "Single yer freedom, an' double yer distance," tended to prove that the gallant warrior's potations were carrying him beyond the laws of conventionalism. At length, after a playful but elephantine effort to snatch a kiss, the young lady appealed to the driver.

"Misther Dimpsey, I'd have ye to call to this young man—he's insultin' me, sir."

Thus appealed to, Mr. Dempsey quietly turned in his seat, and eyeing the sergeant sternly, exclaimed—

"See here now, sargeint, av ye don't lave that young woman alone, I'll take them three sthripes aff yer arm, an' lay them across yer back."

A roar of laughter from all the occupants of the vehicle followed this sally, in which the gallant sergeant joined with a heartiness and good-will that clearly demonstrated how keenly he enjoyed the observation, although it told against himself.

"Are ye expected at Boljolderun, sir?"

"Well—yes—oh, yes, certainly," I replied, somewhat confusedly.

"Yer an English gntleman, by yer way av talkin', sir?"

"Yes, I'm English."

"Maybe yer from London, sir?"

"I am."

"An' seen Miss Kitty over there. Whew!" Here he gave a prolonged whistle, which might have been intended for the horses, but I felt that it bore direct reference to myself.

"Troth, thin, you are expected, sir, an' there'll be bright eyes and red cheeks at the crass-roads whin we rache there, or I'm bocagh—Miss Kitty will be there, sir, in her pony-carriage."

I did not know whether to be amused or annoyed.

"You seem to be very well aware of Miss Blake's movements, Mr. Dempsey."

"Arrah, didn't she tell me herself, the cray-ture. Didn't she say to me, says she, 'Dimpsey, take care av a very handsome young gntleman that's comin' to see me from London,' says she, 'as it the gntleman that I posted all the letters to in Westport, miss?' 'Go ow o' that, Dimpsey,' says she. 'Blur-an-agers! why didn't ye tell me ye wor Misther Brookley, and I'd have roused the griddle for ye, sir, an' no mistake.' I could have taken Phil Dempsey to my arms and cherished him.

"Begorra! there's the crass-roads, and there's Miss Kitty in her basket shandhradan, like a pissatyee creel. Didn't I tell ye, sir, how it wud be?"

It is scarcely necessary to observe that I experienced that sinking sensation at the heart, which the immediate prospect of a meeting with the adored one never fails to create; that I pretended to be looking the other way, and not to have perceived her; that I bounded from my perch with the agility of an acrobat, and that I "tipped" Phil Dempsey to the utmost limit of his satisfaction.

"I tuk good care av him, miss," observed that worthy in a tone known as a pig's whisper, "but he was as wild as a young colt in me hands; but he's a nice man, an' a nice-mannered man, an' I wish yez joy."

"Stupid creature! I never can understand him," said Kitty Blake, with a saucy toss of her head; "I'm afraid he has been taking the mountain dew as he came along."

At this crisis we were joined by Mr. Blake *père*, a splendid specimen of paterfamilias, who welcomed me to Connemara *con amore*; my portmanteau was placed in the basket-carriage, and Kitty rattled away with it, leaving me to walk across the mountain to the Hall. And such a mountain, bare and bleak and precipitous; and for any step I made in advance I made two in the opposite direction; but I pushed bravely on, and sacrificed a brand new pair of patent leather buttoned boots during the excruciating process. But what cared I for boots, or mountain, or physical anguish? Was there not love light in the eye of Kitty Blake?—was I not approaching the Mecca of my hopes?

I remained a month at Boljolderun Hall. I held the stereotyped interview with Blake *père* in his study, which terminated most satisfactorily—

And—
Well, yes—
I am to return to Connemara before Valentine's Day, and claim the hand of the sweet little Irish girl who called me an English boor.
—Cassell's.

THE FOLLOWING DORG.

Dad Petto, as everybody called him, had a dog, upon whom he lavished an amount of affection which, had it been disbursed in a proper quarter, would have been adequate to the sentimental needs of a dozen brace of lovers. The name of this dog was Jerusalem, but it might more properly have been Dan-to-Beer-sheba. He was not a fascinating dog to look at; you can buy a handsomer dog in any shop, than this one. He had neither a graceful exterior nor an engaging address. On the contrary, his exceptional plainness had passed into a local proverb; and such was the inbred coarseness of his demeanor that in the dark you might have thought him a politician.

If you will take two very bandy-legged curs, cut one off just about the shoulders, and the other immediately forward of the haunches, rejecting the fore-part of the first and the rear portion of the second, you will have the raw material for constructing a dog something like Dad Petto's. You have only to effect a junction between the accepted sections, and make the thing eat.

Had he been favoured with as many pairs of legs as a centipede, Jerusalem would not have differed materially from either of his race; but it was queer to see such a wealth of dog wedged to such a poverty of legs. He was so long that the most precocious pupil of the public schools could not have committed him to memory in a week.

It was beautiful to see Jerusalem rounding the angle of a wall, and turning his head about to observe how the remainder of the procession was coming on. He was once circumnavigating a small out-house, when catching sight of his own hinder-quarters he flew into a terrible rage. The sight of another dog always had this effect upon Jerusalem, and more especially where, as in this case, he thought he could grasp an unfair advantage. So Jerusalem took after that retreating foe as hard as ever he could hook it. Round and round he flew, but the faster he went the more his centrifugal force widened his circle, until he presently lost sight of his enemy altogether. Then he slowed down, determined to accomplish his end by strategy. Sneaking closely up to the wall he moved cautiously forward, and when he had made the full circuit he came smack up against his own tail. Making a sudden spring, which must have stretched him like a bit of india rubber, he fastened his teeth into his ham, hanging on like a country visitor. He felt sure he had nailed the other dog, but he was equally confident the other dog had nailed him; so the problem was simplified to a mere question of endurance—and Jerusalem was an animal of pluck. The grim conflict was maintained all one day—maintained with deathless perseverance, until Dad Petto discovered the belligerent, and uncoupled him. Then Jerusalem looked up at his master with a shake of the head, as much as to say—"It's a precious opportune arrival for the other pup; but who took him off me?"

I don't think I can better illustrate the preposterous longitude of this pet than by relating an incident that fell under my own observation. I was one day walking along the highway with a friend who was a stranger in the neighborhood, when a rabbit flashed past us, going our way, but evident upon urged business. Immediately upon his heels followed the first instalment of Dad Petto's mongrel, enveloped in dust, his jaws distended, the lower one shaving the ground to scoop up the rabbit. He was going at a rather lively gait, but was some time in passing. My friend stood a few moments looking on; then rubbed his eyes, looked again, and finally turned to me, just as the brute's tail flitted by, saying, with a broad stare of astonishment:

"Did you ever see a pack of hounds run so perfectly in line? It beats anything! And the speed too—they seemed fairly blended! If a fellow didn't know better he would swear there was but a single dog!"

I suppose it was this peculiarity of Jerusalem that had won old Petto's regard. He liked as much of anything as he could have for his money; and the expense of this creature, generally speaking, was no greater than that of a brief succulent bull-pup. But there were times when he was costly. All dogs are sometimes "off their feed"—will eat nothing for a whole day, but a few ox-tails, a pudding or two, and such taweling as they can pick up in the scullery. When Jerusalem got that way, which to do him justice, was singularly seldom, it made things awkward in the near future. For in a few days after recovering his passion for food the effect of his former abstinence would begin to reach his stomach; but of course all he could then devour would work no immediate relief. This he would naturally attribute to the quality of his fare, and would change his diet a dozen times a day; his menu in the twelve working hours comprising an astonishing range of articles, from a wood-saw to a kettle of soft soap—edibles as widely dissimilar as the zenith and the nadir, which, also, he would eat. So catholic an appetite was, of course, exceptional; or ordinarily Jerusalem was as narrow and illiberal as the best of us. Give him plenty of raw beef

and he would not unsettle his gastric faith by outside speculation or tentative systems.

I could relate things of this dog by the hour. Such, for example, as his clever device for crossing a railway. He never attempted to do this endwise, like other animals, for the obvious reason that, like everyone else, he was unable to make any sense of the time-tables; and unless he should by good luck begin the manoeuvre when a train was said to be due, it was likely he would be abbreviated; for of course no one is idiot enough to cross a railway track when the time-table says it is all clear—at least no one as long as Jerusalem. So he would advance his head to the rails, calling in his outlying convolutions, and straightening them alongside the track, parallel with it; and then at a signal previously agreed upon—a short wild bark—this sagacious dog would make the transit unaniously, as it were. By this method he commonly avoided a quarrel with the engine.

Altogether, he was a very interesting beast, and his master was fond of him no end. And with the exception of compelling Mr. Petto to remove to the centre of the State to avoid double taxation upon him, he was not wholly unprofitable. For he was the best sheep-dog in the country: he always kept the flock well together by the simple device of surrounding them. Having done so, he would lie down, and eat, and eat, and eat, till there wasn't a sheep left, except a few old rancid ones; and even these he would tear into small spring lambs.

Dad Petto never went anywhere without the superior portion of Jerusalem at his side; and he always alluded to him as "the following dorg." But the beast finally became a great nuisance in Illinois. His body obstructed the roads in all directions; and the representative of that district in the national Congress was instructed by his constituents to bring in a bill taxing dogs by the linear yard, instead of by the head, as the law then stood. Dad Petto proceeded at once to Washington to "lobby" against the measure. He knew the wife of a clerk in the Bureau of Statistics; armed with this influence he felt confident of success. I was myself in Washington, at the time, trying to secure the removal of a postmaster who was personally obnoxious to me, inasmuch as I had been strongly recommended for the position by some leading citizens, who to their high political characters superadded the more substantial merit of being my relations.

Dad and I were standing, one morning, in front of Millard's Hotel, when he stooped over and began patting Jerusalem on the head. All of a sudden the smiling brute sprang upon his mouth and bade farewell to a succession of yells, which speedily collected ten thousand miserable office-seekers, and an equal quantity of brigadier-generals, who, all in a breath, inquired who had been stabbed, and what was the name of the lady.

Meantime nothing would pacify the pup; he howled most dismally, punctuating his wails with quick sharp shrieks of mortal agony. More than an hour—more than two hours—we strove to discover and allay the canine grievance, but to no purpose.

Presently one of the hotel pages stepped up to Mr. Petto, handing him a telegraphic dispatch just received. It was dated at his home in Cowville, Illinois, and making allowance for the difference in time, something more than two hours previously. It read as follows:

"A pot of boiling glue has just been upset upon Jerusalem's hind-quarters. Shall I try rubarb, or let it get cold and chisel it off?"

P.S.—He did it, himself, wagging his tail in the kitchen. Some Democrat has been bribing that dog with cold victuals.—PENELOPE PETTO.

Then we knew what ailed "the following dorg." I should like to go on giving the reader a short account of this animal's more striking personal peculiarities, but the subject seems to grow under my hand. The longer I write, the longer he becomes, and the more there is to tell; and, after all, I shall not get a copper more for portraying all this length of dog than I would for depicting an orbicular pig.

MOHAMMEDAN FESTIVALS.

The Turkish months are lunar, and 537 Turkish years correspond to 521 of our years. The Turkish year is thus ten or eleven days shorter than ours, and each month in the course of thirty-three or thirty-four years runs backward through all the seasons of the year. The 1st of Ramadan for this year falls on October 23; next year it will fall on October 13. Our system of leap-year and the Turkish corresponding irregularity—nineteen years of 354 days to eleven years of 355 days—make it almost impossible to foretell with accuracy the correspondence of Mohammedan and Christian dates. The month of Ramadan is a period of strict fasting. This year it begins on October 23. On its 27th day (November 18, 1873) falls the Leilet-al-Kadr, or night of predestination, celebrating the descent of the Koran from heaven. The Mosque of St. Sophia is illuminated, and the Sultan goes in procession through Constantinople. The Ramadan Beiram, "Eed-es-Sugheiyer," or lesser festival, one of the chief Mohammedan festivals, succeeds the end of Ramadan, and occupies the first three days of Showal (November 22 to 24). Military parade by the Sultan at the old palace, Constantinople; great festivities at Cairo. Toward the end of Showal takes place the solemn departure of the pilgrims from Cairo for Mecca. The Kurban Beiram, "Eed-el-Keber," or greater festival, falls on the 10th of Zul-haj (January

28, 1874), and lasts for four days. It commemorates the sacrifice by Abraham of a ram instead of his son (not Isaac, but Ishmael, according to the Mohammedans), and is observed with great festivities and sacrifices at Constantinople and Cairo; also at Mitylene, etc. The Mohammedan year 1291 commences with the first day of the next month Moharram (February 16, 1874). On the 10th of Moharram the anniversary of the death of El Hoseyn is celebrated at the Mosque of Azhar, in Cairo.

Late in the following month, Saffer, the pilgrims return from Mecca. The Mirlood, or Moolid-en-Nebbee, the festival of the birth of the Prophet, lasts from the 3rd to the 12th of Rebea-el-Owwal, the last being the greatest day (about April 29, 1874), when the Sultan goes in state to the Mosque of Ahmed, at Constantinople; and when, at Cairo, the "Doseh," or "treading," is performed: two or three hundred men throw themselves on the ground that the Sheikh may ride over them on horseback. The Moolid-el-Hassaneyn, the celebration of the birthdays of El Hasan and El Hoseyn, the sons of Ali, falls in the next month, Rebea-el-Akher, and is observed for eight days at Cairo with great festivities and illumination, and religious services at the Mosque of Hassaneyn. In the month Regeb (commencing about August 24, 1873, and August 13, 1874) is held for a fortnight the festival of the Seyyideh, at the Mosque of the Seyyideh Zeyneb (the granddaughter of the Prophet), at Cairo. On the 26th of Regeb is celebrated the ascent of the Prophet to heaven. On this occasion, and also on the festival of the founder of the Snafeite sect, which falls during the following month, Shaaban, the "Doseh" used to be performed at Cairo; but it is doubtful whether this is still the case. Three times a year a great festival and fair is held at Tantah, between Alexandria and Cairo—the Viceroy often present. The "Cutting of the Canal"—piercing the dam of the river Nile—is performed with some ceremony at Cairo about the second week in August. At the full moon of the months Regeb, Showal, and Zul-haj solemn visits are paid to the cemetery of Minieh, on the Nile, above Cairo.

SOCIAL SPONGES.

Our social sponge is always ready to do you, his "most valued and esteemed friend," a good turn, provided only he can manage it at some one else's expense, and without pecuniary or other inconvenience to himself. He does this upon principle, for, argues he, "one good turn deserves another," and this good turn when rendered he carefully posts to your debit with interest compound and double compound, and fails not to remind you ever and anon that the balance of your account is on the wrong side. The epithets "sycophantic" and "mean" may be applicable, but surely our paradoxical friend cannot be termed unprincipled. If not libellous it would certainly be defamatory, and this is a distinction with a difference very necessary to be observed when dealing with our Sponge, who has a special capacity for hair-splitting, or we might find ourselves "in the wrong box." As we have said, our friend is not over particular in what way he obtains the needful; and if you gave him the opportunity he would not scruple to use the engine of the law to pump it out of you. Beware, therefore, of supplying the handle to the pump for the law to work the golden stream full upon his absorbing self. Our cadging friend views everything in an eminently practical manner. Number one is with him the first law of nature. Take all you can get, and give as little as possible. "Throw a sprat to catch a mackerel."—"Hold fast that which is good, eschew that which is evil"—that is to say, that which is no good. These are favorite axioms of his. You are generous; well, doesn't he praise you for it, and land you to the skies as a jolly good fellow? He robs you right and left—not in a legal sense to be sure, but he robs you none the less; you abuse him proportionately and he cries "quits." Clearly nothing more than an ordinary business transaction; who, then, can say that our friend is not an eminently practical man? Your Sponge goes to church regularly to keep up appearances, and dreads not the collection at the end of service. It is not, however, to be assumed on this account that our pious friend rejoices in the weekly opportunity afforded him of contributing his mite to "the poor, the fatherless, and the widow." Not a bit of it. He is not to be "swindled"—as he terms it—out of his hard earned gains by the "sentimental wash" of the whole Church Militant, much less by a simple parson or curate. Not he. His equanimity would not be unsettled by the passing of five hundred plates, or by the appeals of a thousand bishops. Why should it? He derives no benefit, but rather a loss therefrom, and therefore a button, or a half-penny, dropped adroitly into the bag suffices equally as well as a shilling, or half-a-crown, and looks quite as respectable. He, happy and content in his very selfishness, goes home singing to himself

"Why should I relieve my neighbour
With my goods against my will?
Can't he live by honest labour?
Can't he beg—or can't he steal?"

and relishes his mid-day meal with as much zest as indicates that he is troubled with no twinges of conscience for neglect of duty. Well, perhaps it is better to be like him than to give just for the sake of display that which you begrudge. But, oh! take care, you hard-hearted, selfish, despicable Sponge, lest the time should

come when the press of circumstances will squeeze your ill-gotten gains out of you. You may then as lief expect the earth to split in twain as that any of your former well-sacked friends will extend you a helping hand.—*Charming Cross.*

CURIOSITIES OF SLEEP.—We have an example of the way in which, after long wakefulness, accompanied by much physical exertion, sleep will overpower even a strong man, in the following quotation from Mr. MacGregor's "Voyage alone in the Yawl 'Rob Roy.'" He gives this account of his arrival at Dover, after a perilous voyage across the channel from Havre:—"I went up to the Lord Warden Hotel, meaning to write home, dine, and go to bed, after fifty-three hours without sleep; but while waiting for the servant to bring hot water, and with my jacket off, I tumbled on to the bed for a moment. Then it was three o'clock p.m.; soon, as it seemed, awake again, I saw it was still light, and bright sun shining; also my watch had run down, the water-jug was cold, and it was a puzzle to make out how I felt so wonderfully fresh. Why, it was next day, and I had soundly slept for seventeen hours." Cases to illustrate the fact that excitement is not sufficient to insure wakefulness are not perhaps so familiar or so obvious. There are, however, instances on record of sailors having fallen asleep during the height of an engagement, and while the roar of the cannon was sounding in their ears, fairly overcome by the exhaustions of their nervous systems, in consequence of the protracted exertions to which they had been exposed. We all know, too, by experience, that reading or preaching, which may be sufficiently stimulating or exciting in itself, fails to keep us awake if our powers of endurance are exhausted. Who has not, under such circumstances, made the most virtuous resolves and most determined efforts? and yet he has found to his annoyance, and perhaps to his shame, that sleep got the mastery over him. But it is not only that excitement fails to keep us awake when nature demands repose, but even the call of duty and a keen sense of self-interest cannot do it. Thus, it has often been noticed that soldiers have fallen asleep while on the march, and that not in isolated instances—a young recruit here, or a sickly man there, but a large proportion of the men forming a company. This is more particularly apt to occur in hot climates during night marches. Many Indian officers have attested the fact. So well recognised indeed is it, that military manuals recommend that the band should play during the night in order to keep the men awake. In the memoir of the celebrated Major Hodson, of "Hodson's Horse," we find the following account from the pen of a brother officer:—"The way Hodson used to work was quite marvellous. He was a slighter man and lighter weight than I am. Then he had that most valuable gift of being able to get refreshing sleep on horseback. I have been out with him all night following and watching the enemy, when he has gone off dead asleep, waking up after an hour as fresh as a lark; whereas if I went to sleep in the saddle, the odds were I fell off on my nose." It may not seem so wonderful that men should sleep in the saddle. Those who are accustomed to riding may sleep in it almost as easily as other men do in a chair; and the horse is an animal of such sagacity that the rider may well feel confident in relying upon his guidance. But that men should fall asleep while on the march, while the arm is shouldering a musket, and the legs are moving in regular step, does seem very strange. Such parts of the system as can find repose insist, as it were, upon taking it, while those which cannot be spared are obliged to continue at work. In a similar way children employed in factories have been known to fall asleep while tending certain pieces of machinery, and doing what was necessary to keep them in motion. These and other milder examples of the same class—as, for instance, when a person falls asleep standing at a desk—are approaches to what we see normally among many animals—namely, that some part is in active exercise during sleep. Thus many quadrupeds sleep standing. It is evident, therefore, that their muscles are altogether not relaxed; those which maintain the body in position are in a state of tension. The same is true of most birds. They sleep grasping a branch, and balancing their bodies on one leg. Every child notices with interest the way in which his canary or bullfinch goes to roost. Well, during that sleep some of its muscles are in constant activity.—*Golden Hours.*

At the Royal Italian Opera, on the 18th, "L'Etoile du Nord" was given for the first time this season, with all the splendour and completeness of past occasions, and with a similar cast, including Mme. Patti as Caterina, and M. Faure as Pietro. On Monday, the 21st, "Les Huguenots" was performed; on Tuesday, "Un Ballo in Maschera" (for the debut of Mdle. Pezzotta); on Wednesday there was a miscellaneous evening concert; on Thursday "Il Barbiere" for the benefit of Mme. Adelina Patti; Friday, "Lucia di Lammermoor," benefit of Mdle. Albani; Saturday, the 28th, was the last night of the season, when "L'Etoile" was given for a second time.

The minor works of the late Mr. Grote, including several unpublished pieces, are soon to be printed; and Mr. Murray promises "A Brief Memoir of the Princess Charlotte of Wales," by the Lady Rose Weigall.

THE REASON WHY.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

Ask why I love the roses fair,
And whence they come and whose they were;
They come from her, and not alone,
They bring her sweetness with their own.

Or ask me why I love her so,
I know not, this is all I know,
These roses bud and bloom, and twine
As she round this fond heart of mine.
And this is why I love the flowers,
Once they were hers, they're mine—they're
ours?

I love her, and they soon will die,
And now you know the reason why.

—Athenæum.

DESMORO;

OR,

THE RED HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY STRAWS," "VOICES
FROM THE LUMBER-ROOM," "THE HUMMING
BIRD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Desmoro staggered backwards, as if he had
received a blow from some unseen hand.

"What ails you?" inquired Marguerite.
"I—I have surely seen that face before!" he
uttered, half to himself.

"What face?"
"That of the Baroness Kielmansegge."
"How she is looking at you, Desmoro," Mar-
guerite observed, seeing the Baroness with her
eyes fastened on him. "Take care! She is the
widow of two husbands; and, despite her extra-
ordinary beauty of person, people say strange
things of her."

"Her features are singularly familiar to me,"
returned he. "Where—where could I have
seen them before?"

"In your imagination only," responded Mar-
guerite, with a laugh. "The lady has but just
arrived from Florence, where, they say, she
was driving nearly all the men out of their
senses."

"From Florence!" repeated Desmoro, ab-
stractedly, his thoughts wandering back to the
past. "How long did you say she has been in
Paris?" he inquired, after a short pause.

"I cannot inform you for certain, but, I be-
lieve, about a month."

"About a month," echoed he, still more ab-
stractedly than before.

"How you repeat my words, Desmoro," said
Marguerite. "Whatever ails you? Come, we
shall never get out of the room, at this rate,"
she continued, drawing her companion along as
she spoke. "How rude of her, she has never
once removed her eyes from you," she added,
as they were proceeding through the crowd.

"The Baroness?"

"Of course; I am speaking only of her."

"I am almost sure that I have seen her be-
fore."

"You are surely dreaming, Desmoro."
He made no answer; but, with his gaze fixed
on the ground, led Marguerite towards the door
of the salon.

The Baroness Kielmansegge's dark, flashing
orbs followed the retreating figure of Desmoro.
"Who is that gentleman?" she demanded,
turning and addressing her companion.

"What gentleman, Baroness?" rejoined he,
looking round the salon.

"Ah, monsieur is looking in the wrong direc-
tion," she said, coquettishly tapping his sleeve
with her fan. "Do you see yonder tall, distin-
guished-looking man, with a lady on his arm,
now passing through the door to our left?"

"I see him. His name is Symure."

"Symure?"

"And the lady, his companion, is Mademoi-
selle d'Auvergne, the Count d'Auvergne's daugh-
ter."

"Symure!" again repeated the Baroness. "It
is not a French name?"

"No; Mr. Symure is an Englishman; enor-
mously rich, I hear."

"Ah, indeed! Has he been long in Paris?"

"I believe not. I scarcely know anything
about him."

The lady was silent for some length of time.
She appeared to be musing deeply. Her com-
panion had now led her across the salon, and
placed her on a seat.

"The air here is quite stifling," she observed,
presently. "Will monsieur be so kind as to
conduct me into the conservatory?"

"I shall have much felicity in attending upon
the wishes of the Baroness," returned the gen-
tleman, rising with alacrity, and presenting his
arm to her.

And, together, they wended their way towards
the conservatory, on entering which, the Baro-
ness Kielmansegge glanced hurriedly around
her, up and down the place, as if she were in
search of some one. At length her eyes fell
upon the wished-for objects, upon Desmoro and
Marguerite d'Auvergne, who were walking arm-
in-arm, apparently engaged in deep converse
with one another.

The Baroness's robes swept rustlingly along;
at seeing her, Desmoro felt a strange shudder
creep through his whole frame. Her face was
so familiar to him: where—where had he seen
it before?

She passed and re-passed him; and each time

she did so, she fastened an earnest, penetrating
look upon him, as though she were endeavor-
ing to spell his features, to read his inmost
thought.

"She is positively rude, is she not?" said
Marguerite, remarking the Baroness's observa-
tion.

Desmoro made no reply, he was wondering
where he had before seen the Baroness Kiel-
mansegge.

"It must have been at the opera, surely," mur-
mured he, abstractedly.

"Whatever are you thinking about, Desmo-
ro?" Marguerite asked, in some astonishment.

"I beg your pardon, I was only thinking
aloud."

"Thinking of this impertinent Baroness Kiel-
mansegge?"

"Precisely. Her face wholly perplexes me."

"She strongly resembles some one you have
once seen or known, I suppose?"

"Yes, I fancy such is the case, although I
cannot for my life recollect whom."

"She is certainly very beautiful, there's no
denying that fact; and she is likewise a bold,
impudent woman," Marguerite returned, with
some asperity, feeling annoyed at the Baroness's
manner towards Desmoro. "I have begun to
dislike her amazingly," she added, rather petu-
lantly.

"Marguerite!"

"Yes. I have taken a sudden, strong, and
most unaccountable detestation to her. Ah,
you may smile at me, but I have really done
so."

"And wherefore, pray?"

"Don't I say that the feeling is unaccountable
to me? And so it is; most unaccountable, I
repeat. Here she comes again, with her great
flashing eyes fixed steadily upon you. I don't
think she sees me at all," continued Marguerite,
in vexed accents.

"Let us leave the conservatory," said Desmo-
ro, almost inclined to scowl upon the Baroness
in return for her marked observation of him-
self. "Come, we will leave it at once."

"And the house, too, dear Desmoro," she
eagerly answered. "I am fatigued, and do not
wish to see the Baroness again," she continued,
urging him onwards past the lady in question.

"My heart is palpitating terribly, and I feel so
hysterical; I shall not quickly recover the effects
of her mysterious behaviour, I assure you. I
could not, if I tried, make you understand the
state of my feelings at the present moment."

And Desmoro and Marguerite passed through
a doorway, and were lost to view.

The Baroness Kielmansegge was seated at her
toilet-table; she was wrapped in a loose dressing-
gown, and a servant-maid was brushing the
lady's hair.

The Baroness was thoughtful and silent for
some time; and Klara, brushed, uttering no
sound as she did so, but attentively watching
her lady's features, reflected in the mirror op-
posite which she was sitting, and wondering
what could keep madame the Baroness's tongue
so unusually mute.

"Klara," said the lady, abruptly, her fingers
playing with the jewelled bracelet on her wrist.

"Gracious madame," softly breathed the Ger-
man soubrette, speaking in her own language.

The Baroness still continued to twist her
bracelet round and round, her eyes drooping,
her teeth gnawing at her nether lip.

"Klara, do you think that you could manage
to do me a secret service?—only a little one,"
she added, quickly.

"Madame the Baroness has but to say how I
can best serve her, and I am hers to command."

"Thanks: I shall not forget your readiness to
oblige me, Klara."

The abigail did not pause in her task, she still
went on softly brushing her mistress's hair.

"I want you, Klara, to help me to find out a
certain gentleman's address," dropped the Baro-
ness, without looking up.

"Yes, gracious madame."

"I don't know how you will manage to ac-
complish the matter," the Baroness proceeded;
"but you are a shrewd, clever girl, and will do
your best to obtain the intelligence I require."

"Madame the Baroness may depend upon
me."

"I shall do so, Klara," answered the lady,
glancing at her reflection in the mirror before
her. "I fancy, Klara, that my English servant
has more than a common regard for you—is
such the case?"

The woman simpered behind her lady's
shoulders and replied that "Matsford was always
very polite to her."

"And something more than polite, Klara,"
meaningly hinted the lady.

"Probably so, gracious madame," agreed the
abigail, in the same simpering manner as be-
fore.

"He might acquire for you the information I
am in quest of, eh, Klara?"

"He might, gracious madame."

"There, you have brushed at my hair quite
long enough; let it alone now, and sit down here
and listen to what I have to say to you."

The woman at once obeyed her mistress, who
went on. "At the ambassador's ball to-night,
I saw a gentleman, whose face so strongly re-
sembled one I knew years ago, that I cannot
help thinking that he must be my old acquain-
tance with a new name, which name may have
been bequeathed to him with some deceased
kinsman's property."

Klara was attentive.

"Now, this gentleman either did not, or would
not recognise me, and disappeared soon after I
saw him. I am acquainted with his name, and
I now wish to learn where he abides."

Klara nodded her head, saying that she under-
stood the Baroness perfectly.

"Now, Matsford, knowing the gentleman's
name, might, perhaps, be able to discover his
place of residence, and all about him, eh,
Klara?"

"About the gentleman who was present at
the ball to-night, gracious madame?"

"Yes; I have already told you as much."

"And how is he called, gracious madame?"

"Symure."

"Symure!" repeated the abigail, half to her-
self.

"You will speak to Matsford, and get him to
find out for me what I am wishing to know?"

Klara signified her readiness to attend to her
mistress's desire.

"And caution Matsford to observe secrecy in
all he does."

"Madame the Baroness may place every re-
liance on her servants' discretion," returned the
woman, with a shrewd nod of her head.

"And you will be sure not to lose any time
about the matter, Klara; and you may promise
Matsford any reward you please."

"I will use every despatch, gracious ma-
dame."

"Thanks," yawned the lady; "I am weary;
see me into bed, and then leave me, Klara."

CHAPTER XLIV.

"Will you take coffee with me this morning,
Mr. Matsford?" asked the German abigail, ad-
dressing the Baroness's tall footman; who, flat-
tered at the invitation, accepted it directly.

Klara had a most tempting breakfast spread
out in her own neat little sitting-room, into
which she conducted her fellow-servant.

"Upon my word, Mrs. Klara, but you are
nicely lodged by the Baroness," Matsford re-
marked, glancing around him. "And what a
delicious *déjeuner* you have here provided; I am
hungry at the mere sight of so many little lux-
uries."

The soubrette smiled, placed a chair for her
guest, and commenced pouring out the hot,
fragrant coffee, to which she added some lumps
of sugar-candy, and a quantity of thick cream.

"By Jove! Mrs. Klara, but this is what I call
doing the thing in style, eh?"

"Madame the Baroness is so very rich and
generous," answered the woman.

"Ah!" breathed the serving-man.

"And especially generous to those whom she
likes—to those who do her any little private
services."

"Ah, to be sure!" rejoined the man. "But
what little private services does she ever re-
quire?"

Klara shrugged her shoulders, and pouted her
lips.

"You have not served the Baroness long, or
you would have discovered that she has many
secrets of her own."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Matsford, sipping his
coffee, and then helping himself to a plateful of
dainties. "I shouldn't wonder if she had
though," he continued, munching away. "I
never yet lived in any family that hadn't its se-
crets."

"Of course, Mr. Matsford," returned the wo-
man. "To tell you the truth, I like to serve a
lady who has her own secrets."

"Do you now, Mrs. Klara?"

"I should think I do. Ladies who have here
a matter, and there a matter, to conceal from
the world, at large, and who place confidence in
their maids, are the ladies I like to serve. A
mistress who is quite prudent and overnice is
not at all profitable," she added, in a calculating
tone.

"Really!" ejaculated Matsford, his mouth
stuffed full of good things. "Well, I should never
have reckoned after that sort of fashion, and
yet I don't doubt but you are correct."

"I know I am," said Klara, quite confidently.

"Um!" uttered the footman, still intent upon
the contents of his plate. "You are not taking
any breakfast yourself," he observed. "I as-
sure you these stewed mushrooms are perfectly
delicious; do try some, will you? Let me assist
you?"

"Thanks!" rejoined she. "I shall take a
thin slice of this potted boar's head. I am not
yet wide awake. Remember, you got to bed a
good couple of hours before I did. Madame the
Baroness was in a most talkative humor last
night; in other words, she and I had some little
business affair to arrange."

"Ah!—indeed!" exclaimed Matsford, indiffe-
rently; paying more attention to the contents
of the plate than to his companion's words.

"Madame the Baroness makes me her confi-
dante," proceeded Klara, fixing her eyes
upon her fellow-servant's face, and speaking in
significant accents.

"Yes, so I perceive."

"She has entrusted me with a small commis-
sion in which I shall require some of your valu-
able assistance, Mr. Matsford."

"Oh, to be sure! I shall be most happy to
make myself of use to Madame the Baroness."

"That is right—that is precisely as it should
be!" cried the soubrette. "I'm so glad to find
you ready to lend me your aid. I told the Baro-
ness that I thought I could reckon upon your
help in the affair now in hand."

"I'm delighted—quite honored to be trusted
by Madame the Baroness!" Matsford answered,
his mind in a state of perfect ecstasy over all
the good things spread out before him. "Go
on, Mrs. Klara; let me hear all about the busi-
ness."

"Oh, it isn't in any way, an intricate piece of
work that you'll be asked to perform."

"So much the better for me, Mrs. Klara,
Pray explain."

"I'm about to do so, and in as few words as
possible. Madame the Baroness wishes you to
discover for her the whereabouts of one Mr. Sy-
mure, a gentleman whom she saw at the Eng-
lish ambassador's ball last night."

"How extraordinary of her!" observed the
footman, elevating his eyebrows.

"Yes, perhaps it is so. But extraordinary or
otherwise, it isn't for us to make any remarks
concerning her wishes and commands. We
must study our own interest, and take no heed
what we're asked to do, so long as we can but
see profit arising to ourselves out of what we're
doing!"

"True; I quite coincide with you. You're a
woman of sound sense, and marvellous judg-
ment, Mrs. Klara," said Matsford, admiringly.

The soubrette simpered considerably at the
footman's compliments; but business, and only
business, being her aim on this particular occa-
sion, she at once returned to her subject.

"Madame the Baroness's instructions were
that no time was to be lost in the matter of
which I speak."

Matsford nodded his head, in token that he
heard her words, and still pursued his onslaught
upon the provisions set before him.

"That no time was to be lost," repeated she
emphatically. "You understand, Mr. Mats-
ford?"

"Perfectly; and I'll take good care that no
time shall be lost."

"Symure is the gentleman's name," added
she. "S-y-m-u-r-e."

"Yes; I'll write it down, to make all sure."

"And you're to proceed about the affair quite
secretly, you comprehend; letting no living soul
know a single syllable regarding it."

"All right; I'll be as close as a snuff-box,"
was the reply. "I don't anticipate the slightest
difficulty about the mission and its performance
—that is, if I can but get hold of one of the am-
bassador's fellows for a few seconds."

"Are you acquainted with any of them?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Then I shall have no fears respecting the
success of your inquiries."

Soon after the above scene, Matsford quitted
the house, and repaired towards the residence
of the English ambassador; where, meeting one
of the lackeys, he accosted him, and soon suc-
ceeded in learning from him all he wished to
learn concerning the present whereabouts of
Colonel Symure and his son.

Having obtained the desired intelligence, he
then hastened back to confide his information to
the ear of Klara, who was not expecting to see
him return so soon.

"Mr. Symure lives at the Chateau Rouge, near
the village of Rosenthal," spoke Matsford.

Klara produced a pencil, and wrote down the
address on a slip of paper, which she straight-
way carried to her mistress, who received it
with satisfied looks, and words of thankfulness
as well.

"Matsford is a most attentive, praiseworthy
servant, whose service on this occasion merits
my best commendation," said the Baroness
Kielmansegge. "But I shall reward him with
something more tangible than mere words. He
has been secret, I hope."

"I cautioned him to be so, gracious madame,
and I believe he has observed my instructions,"
Klara responded.

The Baroness smiled—she had a very beauti-
ful smile—drew forth a purse, and took from it
a couple of large pieces of gold, which she pre-
sented to her abigail.

"For thyself, girl," said the Baroness, in her
softest accents. "Tell Matsford I will reward
him in person. It may be that I shall require
his services still further in this same business."

Klara dropped a dutiful curtsy, and imme-
diately vanished out of her mistress's sight.

The Baroness Kielmansegge reclined in her
easy-chair, with the slip of paper between her
fingers.

"The Chateau Rouge, near the village of Ro-
senthal," read she. "A very pretty, but ob-
scure, suburb, which I am intimately acquainted
with."

Then she reflected deeply, her eyes fixed on
vacancy, her teeth gnawing her under lip.

"It must be he," she continued, musingly.
"I could not mistake that face, for none other
owns one like it. He is handsomer than ever
—far, far handsomer. I myself must be greatly
changed since the time he first knew me, else
he would have shown some recognition of my
features. I admire him vastly; and, provided
he would admire me, would for ever keep his
secret for him. He was gloved, or perhaps I
might have caught a glimpse of his left hand—
of his red palm. How shall I proceed in this
business?—how shall I throw myself in his
way, and teach him to love me once more?"

And the Baroness started up, and going to a
cheval-glass, attentively gazed into it.

"I never looked more beautiful than now,"
she whispered within herself, as she contem-
plated her countenance and figure reflected in
the mirror. "That lady—his companion, his
affianced wife, as I learned she was—is not half
so lovely as I; for she is faded and thin, whilst
I am bright and symmetrical. Ah, I fear no
earthly rival! How shall I act—how shall I
get him in my power?" she added, tossing her
rippling hair from her brow, and beginning to
pace backwards and forwards. He has taken
complete possession of my senses, and I feel as
if I could make any sacrifice in order to obtain
only an interview with him. Not that an inter-
view alone would satisfy me. Ah, no; I covet
his love, and ere long, I will have it, too."

And to and fro she walked, one subject only
revolving in her mind all the while.

Presently, she sat down at a writing-table,

took up a pen, and indited a note, which, after carefully reading, she sealed and directed.

"Symure—Symure, Esq.," repeated she. "I dare not address him otherwise—I dare not call him Desmoro Desmoro. Of course, I understand wherefore he is here under a borrowed name. He little thinks how near I am to him! I suppose he hates me—well, his hatred I can soon turn aside. I have the power to subdue him entirely to my will; and what I have the power to do, I will perform in full! How he will puzzle his brains to guess whence this anonymous billet comes! I should just like to be able to see the expression of his face when he peruses these few lines. Men call me enchantress; I wish I were one in reality, so that I might spirit this man away, and bear him to some bower of my own. I am immensely wealthy, the late Baron Kielmansegge, old dotard as he was, did me the happiness of dying, and of leaving me a rich widow while still young and charming. Charming!" continued she, with a laugh, and a glimpse in the mirror opposite to her; "yes, I can see and appreciate my own personal attributes; I know, as well as any woman can know, that I am lovely! How comes he here, living like a gentleman, and moving in the highest circles in Paris? There's some great mystery in it all! He knows of an ugly episode in my past life!" she went on, musingly. "Well, what matter for that, since I have some similar knowledge concerning his history? Desmoro Desmoro, the doubly-convicted criminal, the man who has worked in a chain-gang, with irons clanking at his heels, cannot—dare not—do me any harm! I shall be able to wind him round my little finger—to wind him about it like a silken string! And he shall make me his wife, if I so choose! He would not like me to publish to the world that he is the notorious bushranger, Red Hand! Oh, no, not he, I faith!"

And the Baroness Kielmansegge chuckled, and rising, rang her bell for Klara, who quickly appeared.

"Tell Matsford to deliver that note according to its address, and not to lose any time about doing so!" the Baroness said, pointing to an envelope, bearing on it Desmoro's name and whereabouts.

The waiting-woman left the room with the missive in her hands, and went in search of her fellow-servant, Matsford, to whom she gave the letter and the lady's message.

Then Matsford ordered one of the Baroness's horses to be saddled, and, mounting him, rode off as fast as he could gallop in the direction of the village of Rosenthal; whereat, arriving in due time, he repaired to the Château Rouge, and delivered to its porter his lady's sealed sheet of communication.

Not having been instructed to wait for any reply, Matsford at once rode back again home.

Desmoro's face blanched at the sight of the Baroness Kielmansegge's letter. And he stared at the superscription, and then at the seal, almost afraid to make himself acquainted with the contents of the sheet thus unexpectedly received.

He had some strange misgivings—some unaccountable terror had taken possession of his mind. The superscription was in a lady's slender, graceful hand. What lady knew he (save Marguerite) who would take the liberty of addressing him by means of pen, ink, and paper? He felt himself to be a very coward at this moment as he sat thus with this little billet between his trembling fingers.

At length he cracked the seal, tore the envelope open, and unfolded the tiny sheet, the contents of which ran as follows:—

"A lady addresses you.

"Despite your borrowed name, and the fact of meeting you here, moving in the circles of rank and fashion, I recognized you on the instant as Desmoro Desmoro. But alas! you did not recognize me! My features have no longer a place in your memory, I suppose!

"I fancy that you will deem me unwomanly when I tell you that I am writing in order to ask you to see me, your old friend, whom you once professed to love very much.

"You start at this, Desmoro. Is it possible that you have lost all recollection of me? I was vain enough to think that I should never have been forgotten by you. But alas, for the inconsistency of man!

"Shall I inform you how you have lived in my heart of hearts—how, although wide seas divided us, I have still clung to the fond remembrance of one who awakened in my breast an affection pure as the unreachable stars? I once dreamed that I should have been your wife—yours for ever and ever, but cruel fate stepped in between me and my dearest wishes.

"I cannot tell why my bosom has once more filled with rapturous anticipations—why I am again nursing thoughts of thee? But so it is; and I feel compelled to confess myself to thee!

"Desmoro Desmoro! Ah, how my soul seems to expand as I repeat that still-beloved name—that name which I have often whispered in my dreams, and which has been sweetly ringing in my ears many a night and many a day!

"Dost thou not know me now, Desmoro? Have I not told thee who I am? Ah me, ah me! how my pen is quivering over the sheet as I dictate these random lines, these wild words, which must convince thee of my attachment for thee! Do not hate me for this, my open confession, but rather pity my woman's weakness which forces me to show thee all my bosom's throbbing devotion for thyself!

"Meet me to-morrow, on the Pont Neuf, at the hour of two p.m.

"Till then, and ever after, thine own

"OLYMPIA."

Olympia! Desmoro dropped the sheet as that name, so hateful to him, met his eye. Olympia! Now he recognized the Baroness Kielmansegge, and understood wherefore her gaze had so followed him on the occasion of the ambassador's ball. Olympia! She who was once Madame Volderbond—she who had compassed the death of her old, rich husband, in order that she might revel in his wealth, and in a widow's freedom, was now the admired and courted Baroness Kielmansegge, and widowed for a second time. And she had recognized her some-while gardener and victim—recognized him when he was deeming himself perfectly safe from all recognition. Great heaven, how horrified he felt! He shuddered and chilled as he reflected upon this woman, this fiend in mortal shape, who had thus suddenly started up in his path to blight his happiness with her terrible presence.

He sat, bowed and crushed, with that fulsome letter lying at his feet, scarcely comprehending whether he was awake or asleep.

What was he to do? Should he fly—fly at once—and, seeking some uninhabited island, there endeavor to conceal himself for the remainder of his miserable days?

How he had been hunted throughout all his weary life—how he was being hunted even now!

See Olympia again—meet her according to her own appointment! He surely would be mad to dream of such an act!

Desmoro groaned aloud, and clasped his hands together. He was full of consternation and anguish, and wholly at a loss what to do. He felt almost afraid to make his father acquainted with the vile contents of the Baroness's letter—afraid to inform him of the fresh danger which had started up before himself.

"What—what should he do?" he cried out—his face covered with large drops of clammy dew, his brain throbbing almost to bursting.

Every object seemed to be dancing round and round him, so completely confused were all his senses at this trying moment.

He thought of Marguerite. Could he ever make up his mind to quit her—to quit her for evermore? Impossible—impossible!

He was in the power of a woman—of a wicked woman, whose hands were stained with a terrible crime—stained with the crime of murder! He shivered, and turned sick, as he contemplated his frightful position.

Suddenly Desmoro started up, and restlessly paced the apartment to and fro. Oh, had he but had a pair of wings, how soon, how very soon he would have placed distance 'twixt himself and the Baroness Kielmansegge!

He would not leave Marguerite—he could not do so. The act of separating himself from her would be worse than death to him.

Had the world's weight descended on him, he could not have felt more crushed than he did now.

By and by he became somewhat cooler and more collected, and, sitting down again, he calmly reviewed his entire condition.

Whither could he fly in this fearful strait of his? No open path appeared in view—all around him was perplexity and horror.

He fairly dreaded to contemplate meeting the Baroness Kielmansegge—the woman who had already been the source of such terrible woe to him. Far, rather, would he encounter a hungry tigress than the beautiful and base Olympia.

He mused for some length of time, utterly unable to decide upon his actions.

He thought that he could not summon courage enough to see the Baroness—that he should detest himself were he willingly even to touch the tips of her fingers. Desmoro recalled to his mind's eye all her superb beauty, and he likewise remembered all he had endured—all the labyrinths of crime into which he had been plunged through her and her evil machinations.

Paris was no longer a safe abiding place for him; indeed, it appeared as if there were no corner of the known world that could afford him a secure refuge, a place of peace.

Desmoro pondered and pondered, feeling more miserable in heart than he had ever felt before. He saw no chance of immediate escape from his present entanglement; he saw only a wide, yawning gulf before him.

To-morrow was merely separated from him by the space of a few short hours, which hours would fleetly pass away.

What did this vile woman require at his hapless hands?

How did she dare to pollute the holy name of love with her impure breath?

Desmoro knew her guilt, and quailed as he reflected on it.

Now, much as he had talked of the iron which the world had infused into his soul, Desmoro at this time showed anything but a callous nature. His affection for Marguerite d'Auvergne had developed in him many amiable and admirable traits of character, the reverse of what you might expect to find in one who had once been an outlaw—a common bushranger, dreaded by all who heard his name. The peril which he would once have defied, he now recoiled from in loathing and horror indescribable. Had he been still pursuing his old lawless life, still possessed of his cavern stronghold, he would have braved Olympia and all her evil machinations together; as it was now, he had no alternative but to avert, as best he could, the consequence which might ensue out of the arousal of her wrath.

Olympia's wrath! How he dreaded it! She would be as relentless as a tigress, as savage as a famishing wolf, if thwarted in her dark designs upon him.

Desmoro picked up the letter which had caused

him so much pain, and, after hastily glancing over its contents once more, tore it into tiny atoms. Then pleading a severe headache, he betook himself to his pillow, not to rest, but to think, think, think until morning.

All through that night Olympia's face was before his mental vision. She seemed standing before him, her flashing eyes glancing boldly upon him, treacherous smiles wreathing her crimson lips.

Desmoro closed his aching orbs, thinking to woo repose, and so to forget for some time all memory of his many troubles. But no sleep would visit his weary senses; he still continued to toss and toss throughout the darkened hours.

He rose at daylight, unrefreshed and haggard-looking, and undecided as yet how he should act.

At breakfast he was absent-minded, and wholly different from his former self. He could not conceal his state, much as he endeavored to do so; and the Colonel, ever full of affectionate solicitude for his son, soon remarked that he was uneasy, nervous, and greatly dejected.

He watched Desmoro narrowly, and observed that he was not eating any breakfast. Having learned to know Desmoro's every look, he felt that something more than common was the matter with him, and he naturally enough questioned him upon the subject of his altered manners.

The son hesitated in some confusion, and made only a confused reply, which was far from being satisfactory to Colonel Symure, who repeated his queries concerning Desmoro's state.

"You are not well," said the Colonel, fixing his anxious gaze on his companion's pale, quivering features.

"I am not quite well."

"I am sorry for that, as Mademoiselle d'Auvergne has been planning a little excursion for us to-day."

Desmoro blanched at the mention of Marguerite's name, but made no rejoinder.

"She will be much disappointed if you are unable to accompany her," proceeded the Colonel.

Still no reply from Desmoro. He was longing to confide in his father, and yet had not the courage to do so. He did not wish to disturb his parent's mind by acquainting him with the advent of the Baroness Kielmansegge's communication, for he felt quite ashamed of, and likewise much terrified at, it.

By-and-by Desmoro spoke.

"I think a brisk ride through the open air would do me much good. I feel depressed and altogether out of sorts, sir," said he. "I shall order a horse to be saddled, and have a sharp gallop out of Rosenthal. Make my excuses to Mademoiselle d'Auvergne, and tell her that I am perverse and peevish-humored to-day, and should be but a sorry companion for her."

The Colonel looked at his son in much surprise, but made no further comment. He saw that something had happened to distress him, but what that something might be he could not venture the slightest surmise.

An hour after the above conversation, Desmoro mounted his horse, and galloped out of Rosenthal in the direction of Paris, which reaching, he stabled his steed, and then bent his steps towards the Pont Neuf, the trysting-place appointed by Olympia.

Desmoro proceeded along with faltering limbs and quivering pulses. He had a perfect loathing of the woman whom he was about to meet, of her who had made to him such unfeminine advances. He reflected on her with absolute horror, remembering that she was the murderer of her first husband, old Captain Volderbond.

Yet what was he to do, situated as he was? He was, unfortunately, entirely in her power. Could she not, if she so pleased, proclaim his name aloud, and publish to all around, that he was an escaped convict, the notorious bushranger, Red Hand?

Oh, heaven! her breath had the power to blight all his happiness, and ruin him for evermore.

He strode onwards and onwards, his heart and brain racked with turbulent thoughts, his soul full of sickening apprehensions.

At length he arrived at the bridge, and proceeded along it, his head bowed upon his breast, his gaze upon the ground.

Presently he became aware of the presence of some one close to his elbow, and turning, he recognised the brilliant face of the Baroness Kielmansegge, who instantly placed her arm in that of her companion, who walked on in silence.

"You do not appear to rejoice at seeing me, Desmoro Desmoro?" she observed, after a pause, and speaking in accents slightly sarcastic.

He was shivering; the light touch of her arm thrilling him with terror and horror.

"You make me no answer, Desmoro," she went on.

"Hush! not that name, I beseech you, madam," he cried out, in affright.

Olympia laughed lightly.

"Ah, true; I forgot," answered she, quite flippantly. "People do not know Red Hand here, in Paris, eh?"

Desmoro writhed, but made no rejoinder.

"We lost sight of each other, most unfortunately, many years ago—just at a time when I was more than anxious to retain you near me," she proceeded, delivering herself in broken sentences.

Then there ensued an embarrassing pause.

"You were amazed to hear from me, eh?" she abruptly asked.

"I was," he returned, very significantly.

"Of course you were; I expected that you would be so."

Desmoro did not reply.

"I am wondering wherefore I find you here, upwards of sixteen thousand miles away from the place where I left you," Olympia continued, in the same light, half-satirical manner as before.

"Yes, I can understand as much," Desmoro responded, reluctantly enough.

"And can you not comprehend something else," she added, significantly.

"I do not understand you, madam," was his slow and uneasy rejoinder.

"No?" exclaimed she. "Do you really mean to say that you did not conceive the drift of my late communication to you?"

This was an abrupt question, a question at once indelicate, and also difficult for him to reply to.

"Eh, Desmoro?" queried Olympia, sinking her voice, and looking up into his face, which was almost as colorless as white marble.

He trembled all over, and, stopping suddenly, dropped her arm, and stood still.

"Baroness Kielmansegge," he began, in choking tones, his lips curling proudly, his nostrils expressing disdain, "remember this: if you possess my secret, I likewise possess yours!"

"Oh, indeed! You are monstrous bold, Desmoro Desmoro!" sneered she.

"Nay, not bold, madam; I am only standing on the defensive."

"On the defensive!" echoed she, contemptuously. "As if you could defend yourself against me!"

Desmoro winced as he listened to her.

"Hearken to me!" she continued, in the same strain as before. "I have been so weak as to tell you that I entertain for you a most potent feeling. I have no doubt that you condemn me, that you think my confession most unfeminine and indelicate. But I care little for that fact; I love you, Desmoro Desmoro, even as I loved you in the years long gone by, and I will make you rich, richer far than you imagine, if you will accept that which I now lay before you—my heart."

"Your heart, Olympia!" repeated he, with some scorn. "Does your breast hold such an all-important organ as a heart?"

"Does it contain life and throbbing pulses? What an icicle are you?"

He remained mute for awhile. He was shocked at this wicked woman and all her hideous ways, and yet he knew not how to answer her according to her rich deserts.

"It is strange that we two should meet together here, is it not?" proceeded she.

"Yes," was his brief and cold reply.

"But we were fated to meet again," she went on. "Oh, Desmoro, do you not believe that we were fated to meet again, and that we are again to love one another?"

"Baroness Kielmansegge!" exclaimed he, recoiling from her as he would from some noisome reptile.

Olympia opened wide her lustrous eyes, and looked at him. Then she laughed flippantly, yet with some bitterness as well. She had made an unasked-for avowal of affection to a man, and, beautiful as she was, he had rejected her, and scorned her proffered love.

You cannot wonder, then, when I tell you that she was filled with anger and hatred against Desmoro. She felt humbled in her own esteem; and what woman in Olympia's peculiar position would not have felt so? But the Baroness was not wholly conquered. She was not the woman to be subdued easily, because she had a persevering spirit, a spirit lacking all goodness and refinement.

"Beware!" warned she—"beware how you answer me—how you scorn my devotion! I love you now with passionate fervor, but it is quite in your power to turn that love to the bitterest hate!"

Desmoro heard these words with absolute terror. He knew Olympia of old, and he felt that she would implicitly keep her word, when doing so would assist her in carrying out any of her schemes. She was standing before him in all her radiant beauty, a creature dazzling to behold, yet he beheld her with only feelings of disgust and detestation.

Olympia was noting the expression of Desmoro's features, noting it narrowly. She guessed what was passing in his mind, and she felt it accordingly. But she would not allow herself to be balked. She could not speak to him in plainer terms than she had already done. She had told him that she loved him, and in doing that much, she had cast aside all the dignity of her womanhood, all the modesty of her sex.

But what real dignity or modesty could Olympia be expected to have? Had she not been guilty of the darkest possible crime that man or woman can commit? But she had no qualms of any kind, for remorse had not yet visited her stained and callous soul.

On this occasion, the Baroness Kielmansegge was dressed in sweeping robes of black silk, and a veil partly concealed her lovely face, which was covered with a dark, menacing frown.

Finding he did not answer her threatening speech, she turned round abruptly, and seized Desmoro's arm.

"I claim your escort to my carriage, which is waiting for me at a short distance from the bridge," she said, as she drew him along in the direction of her vehicle.

Desmoro suffered himself to be led, scarcely heeding whether his conductress was leading him. As he left the bridge, an equipage, containing a lady dashed by him. Desmoro instinctively raised his eyes to it, and met the astonished gaze of Marguerite d'Auvergne!

(To be continued.)

The season at the Drury Lane Theatre opens on the 20th of September with "Antony and Cleopatra" in an abridged form as a grand spectacular play. The scenes will comprise a view of ancient Rome, with a grand celebration in honour of Antony and Octavia; the naval battle of Actium between the Roman and Egyptian "galleys;" the Temple of Isis; and a realization of the spectacle of Cleopatra in her barge.

AN EMPTY CHAIR.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

The hearth is lonely, and I sit and watch the embers fall;
The firelight on the curtains glows, and flickers on the wall;
The old clock ticks, the grey cat purrs, yet what a change is there!
I feel it, as I sit and gaze upon—an empty chair!

Her portrait hangs upon the wall, but in the window stands
The flowering myrtle that each day she nursed with kindly hands;
Her knitting, as she left it, lies in her house-wifely store;
The needles that her wrinkled hands shall ply, alas! no more.

I see her now, with smooth, calm brow, with banded silver hair,
My mother dear, of spirit sweet, who taught her child to bear
With equal mind the thorns of life, or seize its passing rose,
With gratitude to Him from whom each earthly blessing flows.

Full, full of years, in ripe old age, the last dread summons came;
All blessings on her holy life, and on her honored name.
Ah! may her sorrowing daughter take from her example strength
To fight life's battles to the end, and win her crown at length.

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PUBLICANS and SINNERS

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "To The Bitter End," "The Outcasts," &c., &c.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER IV.

"O WORLD, HOW APT THE POOR ARE TO BE PROUD!"

Lucius thought much of his friend after that frank confession at the Cosmopolitan. Geoffrey had dined none the less well because of his passion. He had eaten oysters, and bisque soup, and stewed calves' head, with truffles, and mutton, and wild duck, with the appetite that had been educated on the shores of the Pacific; had drunk Chateau d'Yquem and Chambertin, and wound up with curaçao, and had waxed merry to riotousness as the evening grew late,—Lucius taking but a moderate share in the revel, yet enjoying it. Was it not a glimpse of a new life, after the Shadrack-road where pleasure had a universal flavor of gin-and-water?

They parted after midnight with warm protestations of friendship. They were to see each other again. Geoffrey was to look his friend up in the Shadrack district as soon as his engagements permitted. But wherever she went, he would follow her, were it to that possible continent or archipelago at the southern pole.

So Lucius went back to the region of many spars and much rigging, and solaced his lonely evenings with the works of Spohr and Viotti, Lafont and Baillot, and pondered long and gravely upon that wondrous mystery of love which could befall even so healthy a nature as that of honest, open-hearted, plain-spoken Geoffrey Hossack. Love allied with music! "Yes," he thought, as he sighed over the long-drawn chords of an adagio, "that is the fatal witchcraft."

Anon came February, season of sleet and east winds, the month in which winter—after seeming towards the end of January to have grown genial and temperate, with even faint whispers of coming spring—generally undergoes a serious relapse, and plunges anew into hyperborean darkness, fog, tempest, snow. Lucius had passed the old house in Shadrack-road almost every day since November (even when it lay out of his beat he contrived to walk that way), but had seen no more sign of human life about that dismal mansion than if it had been in Chancery; not even the old woman in a bonnet—not even a baker's barrow delivering the staff of life—not so much as a postman. He might almost have beguiled himself into the belief that the whole experience of that November evening—the old man—the pale poetic-looking girl—the marvelous collection of art treasures seen by the flickering light of a single candle—were the mere phantasmagoria of an overworked brain, a waking dream, the inchoate vision of a disordered fancy.

He went twice every Sunday to a church that stood midway between his own house and the once regal mansion; a new church of the toy-shop Gothic order, with open seats, a painted window, other windows which awaited the plety of the congregation to be also painted, and

a very young incumbent of the advanced type, deeply read in the lives of the saints, and given to early services. This temple was so small that Lucius fancied he could scarcely have failed to see Miss Sivewright were she a worshipper there. Sunday after Sunday, during the hymns, ancient and modern, he looked with curious anxious gaze round the fane, hoping to see that one interesting face among the crowd of uninteresting faces. Four out of five of the congregation were women, but Lucille Sivewright was not one of them. He began to resign himself to the dreary truth that they two were doomed never to meet again.

Hope, in its last agony, was suddenly recalled to new life. He came home from his daily drudgery one evening, thoroughly tired, even a little disheartened; "discouraged," as the American lady described herself, when she confessed to poisoning eight of her relations, simply because she began to regard them somewhat in the light of encumbrances. On this particular evening the star of science—that grand and ever-sustaining idea, that he was to sow the seed of some new truth in the broad field of scientific

He snatched the envelope, which was directed in a rugged uncompromising calligraphy, and strange to him. He tore it open eagerly, and looked at the signature, "Homer Sivewright."

"Dear Sir,—When you obliged me with your assistance the other day, I believe I made some profane remark about your profession, which you took in good part. One forgives such gibes from a testy old man. You told me that when I found myself ill, my thoughts would naturally tend towards Savile-row. There you were wrong. I do find something out of gear in my internal machinery—possibly liver—or perhaps general break-up. But instead of thinking of the high-fliers of the West-end, with their big fees and pompous pretensions, I think of you.

"I told you the other night that I liked your face. This is not all. My housekeeper, who has kindred in this district, informs me that you have worked some marvellous cure upon her husband's brother's second cousin's wife's sister. The relationship is remote, but the rumor of your skill has reached my servant. Will you come this way at your convenience? Don't



"I FEEL IT, AS I SIT AND GAZE."

progress—waxed paler than usual, and Lucius also was discouraged. He came home bodily and mentally tired. He had been tramping to and fro all day under a drizzling rain, and a leaden atmosphere laden with London smoke.

Even at home, or in that shabby ill-built domicile which he called home, sorry comfort awaited him. His ancient serving-woman, Mrs. Babb, had let the parlor fire go out. The kettle, which, singing on the hob above a cheerful blaze, seemed almost a sentient thing, now leaned on one side disconsolately against a craggy heap of black coal, like a vessel aground upon a coral reef. The tray of tea things—the neat white cloth, indicative of chop or steak—adorned not his small round table. Mrs. Babb, absorbed in the feminine delights of a weekly cleaning, had suffered herself to become unconscious of the lapse of time.

He gave the loose, ill-hung bell-wire an angry jerk, flung himself into his accustomed arm-chair, and stretched out his hand haphazard in search of a book. Plato, Montaigne, Sterne, any philosopher who should teach him how to bear the petty stings of the scorpion—daily life.

But before his hand touched the volumes, its motion was arrested. He beheld something more interesting than Plato, since in all probability it concerned himself, namely, a letter, at a corner of the mantelpiece, just on a level with his eye. Egotism triumphed over philosophy. The letter, were it even a bill, was more vital to him for the moment than all the wisdom of Socrates.

came out of your way on purpose to see me. My means, as I informed you, and as you might see for yourself in all my surroundings, are scanty, and I can afford to pay very little more than the poorest among your patients. I state the case thus plainly that there may be no future disagreement.—Truly yours,

"HOMER SIVEWRIGHT."

"Is the old man a miser or an enthusiast, who has sacrificed himself and his granddaughter to his love of art? Equally hard upon the granddaughter in either case," reflected Lucius, trying to contemplate the business in the chilly light of common sense, wondering at and half-ashamed of the sudden delight which had moved him when he found that Mr. Sivewright's letter was nothing less than a passport to Lucille Sivewright's home.

"I'll go the instant I've dined," he said to himself, giving another tug at the loose bell-wire. "Yet who knows whether the old churl will let me see his interesting granddaughter? Perhaps he'll put me on a strictly professional footing; have me shown up to his den by that old woman, and shown down again without so much as a glimpse of Lucille's pensive face. Yet he can hardly pay me badly and treat me badly too. I'll ask permission to attend him as a friend, and then perhaps he'll melt a little, and admit me to his hearth. I liked the look of that old wainscoted room, with its bare floor and clean-swept hearth, and handful of bright fire. It seemed to me the poetry of poverty."

Mrs. Babb came clattering in with the tea-things and chop all together, profuse in apologies for having forgotten to wind up the kitchen clock, and thus become oblivious as to time.

"On a clear day I can see the clock at the public round the corner by stretching my head out of the back-attic window," she said; "but being thick to-day I couldn't, and I must have been an hour behind ever since dinner. And the fire gone out too!"

The fire was quickly lighted; the kettle carried off to boil down-stairs; but Lucius didn't wait for his tea. That gentle decoction, which was, in a general way, the very support of his life, to-night was almost indifferent to him. He ate his chop, ran up to his narrow dressing-room, where the weekly cleansing process had left a healthy odour of mottled soap and a refreshing dampness, washed away the smoke and grime of the day with much cold water, changed all his garments lest he should carry the taint of fever-dens whither he was going, and went forth fresh as the sun himself when he goeth forth as a bridegroom to run his race.

"Am I as great a fool as dear old Geoffrey?" he asked himself during that rapid walk. "No; at least I know something of my goddess. I could read the story of her patient self-sacrificing life even in that one hour. Besides, I am by no means in love with her. I am only interested."

It was a new feeling for him to approach the gate with the certainty of admission. He tugged resolutely at the iron ring, and heard the rusty wires creak their objection to such disturbance. Then came a shuffling slipshod step across the barren forecourt, which, with different tenants, might have been a garden. This footstep announced the old woman in the bonnet, who seemed to him the twin sister of his own housekeeper, so closely do old women in that sphere of life resemble each other—like babies. She mumbled something, and admitted him to the sacred precincts. The same half-light glimmered in the hall; the whole treasury of art wrapped in shadow. The same brighter glow streamed from the panelled parlour as the old woman opened the door and announced "Dr. Davory." Homer Sivewright was sitting in his high-backed armchair by the hearth, getting all the heat he could out of the contracted fire. His granddaughter sat opposite him, knitting with four needles, which flashed like electric wires under the guidance of the soft white hands. The tea-tray—with its quaint old teapot in buff and black Wedgwood—adorned the table.

"I thought you'd come," said the old man, "though my letter was not very inviting, if you cultivate wealthy patients."

"I do not," answered Lucius, taking the chair indicated to him, after receiving a stately foreign curtsy from Miss Sivewright, an unfamiliar recognition which seemed to place him at an ineffable distance. "I was very glad to get your note, and to respond to it promptly. I shall be still more glad if you will place my medical services upon a friendly footing. At your age a man requires the constant attendance of a doctor who knows his constitution. There may be very little treatment wanted, only the supervision of an experienced eye. Let me be your friend as well as your medical adviser, and drop in whenever I am wanted, without question of payment."

The old man shot a keen glance from his cold gray eyes, eyes which looked as if they had been in the habit of prying into men's thoughts. "Why should you be so generous?" he asked; "I have no claim upon you, not even that hollow pretence which the world calls friendship. You have nothing to gain from me. My will, disposing of my collection—which is all I have to bequeath—was made ten years ago. And nothing would ever tempt me to alter it by so much as a ten-pound legacy. You see there's nothing to be gained by showing me kindness."

"Grandfather!" remonstrated the girl, in her low serious voice.

"I am sorry you should impute to me any such sordid motive," said Lucius quietly. "My reason for offering my services gratis is plain and above board. There is no firebrand at this end of the town at which I care to sit, no society congenial to me. I spend all my evenings alone, generally in hard study, sometimes with the books I love, or with my violin for my companion. This kind of life suits me well enough on the whole. Yet there are intervals of depression in which I feel its exceeding loneliness. No man is all-sufficient to himself. Give me the privilege of spending an evening here now and then—I will not wear out my welcome—and let me watch your case as a labor of love. You say that the recompense you can offer me will be small. Better for both your dignity and mine that there should be none at all."

"You speak fair," answered Sivewright, "but that's a common qualification. I have a granddaughter there whom you imagine to be my heiress. If she is, she is heiress only to my collection; and even my judgment may be mistaken as to the value of that. In any case, consider her disposed of—put her out of the question."

"Grandfather!" remonstrated the girl again, this time blushing indignantly.

"Better to speak plainly, Lucille."

"Since you cannot see me in any character except that of a fortune-hunter, sir," said Lucius, rising, "we had better put an end to the discussion. There are plenty of medical men in this neighborhood; you can find an adviser among them. I wish you good-evening."

"Stop," exclaimed Sivewright, as the surgeon walked straight to the door, wounded inexpressibly, "I didn't mean to offend you. But you offered me your friendship, and it was best you should know upon what footing I could accept

the offer. You now know that I have no money to leave any one—don't suppose me a miser because I live poorly; that's a common error—and that my granddaughter is disposed of. Knowing this, do you still offer me your professional services for nothing, do you still wish for a place beside my hearth?"

"I do," said the young man eagerly, and with one swift involuntary glance at Lucille, who sat motionless except for the dexterous hands that plied those shining wires. He thought of the humiliation of Hercules, and how well it would have pleased him to sit at her feet and hold the worsted that she wound.

"So be it then; you are henceforth free of this house. My door, which so seldom opens to a stranger, shall offer no barrier to you. If you discover circumstances in our lives that puzzle you, do not trouble yourself to wonder about them. You will know all in good time. Be a brother to Lucille." She held out her hand to the visitor frankly at these words. He took it far more shyly than it was given. "And be a son," with a long regretful sigh, "if you can, to me. I told you the other day that I liked your voice, that I liked your face; I will go farther to-night and say, I like you."

"Thank you," answered Lucius gravely, "that is just what I want. I doubt if I have a near relation in the world, and I know but one man whom I count my friend. Friendship with me, therefore, means something very real. It is not a hackneyed sentiment, worn threadbare by long use. But now that we have arranged things pleasantly, let us have our medical inspection."

"Not to-night," said Mr. Sivewright. "Come to me to-morrow, if you can spare me the time. My symptoms are not of a pressing kind. I only feel the wheels of life somewhat clogged, the mainspring weaker than it used to be. Let us give to-night to friendship."

"Willingly," answered Lucius. "I will be with you at ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

He drew his chair nearer to the hearth, feeling that he was now really admitted to the charmed circle. To most young men it would have been far from an attractive house; for him it possessed an almost mysterious fascination. Indeed, it was perhaps the element of mystery which made Lucille Sivewright so interesting in his eyes. He had seen plenty of women who were as pretty—some far more beautiful—but not one who had ever filled his thoughts as she did.

"Pour out the tea, Luce," said Mr. Sivewright, and that fragrant beverage was dispensed by Lucille's white hands. It was one of the few details of housekeeping in which the old man permitted extravagance. The tea was of the choicest, brewed without stint, and the small antique silver jug, adorned with elaborate *repoussé* work, contained cream. Lucius thought he had never tasted anything so exquisite. They sat round the fire, and the old man talked well and freely—talked of the struggles of his youth, his art-worship, those wonderful strokes of fortune to which the dealer in *bric-à-brac* is ever liable—talked of everything connected with his career, except his domestic life. On that one subject he was dumb.

Lucius thought of the castaway, the son who was of no more account to his father than one of the wooden images in the crowded storehouse across the hall. What had been his crime? Perhaps never to have been loved at all. This old man's nature seemed of a hard-grained wood, which could scarcely put forth tender shoots and blossoms of affection—a man who would consider his son his natural enemy.

"You spoke of your violin some time ago," Lucille said, by and by, in a pause of the conversation. Mr. Sivewright having talked about himself to his heart's content, leaned back in his chair and contemplated the fire. "Do you really play? I am so fond of the violin."

"Are you, indeed?" cried Lucius, enraptured. "I'll bring it some night, and—"

"Don't," ejaculated the old man decisively. "I am something of Chesterfield's opinion, that fiddling is beneath a gentleman. If I hear you scraping catgut, I shall lose all confidence in your melodies."

"Then you shall not hear me," said Lucius, with perfect good humor; he was determined to make friends with this grim old *bric-à-brac* dealer if he could, just as one resolves to overcome the prejudices of an unfriendly dog, believing that beneath his superficial savagery there must be a substratum of nobility. "I only thought a little quiet music might amuse Miss Sivewright, since she says she is fond of the violin."

"She doesn't know what she is fond of," replied Sivewright testily; "she is full of fancies and whims, and likes everything that I abhor. There, no tears, child," as those dark gentle eyes filled; "you know I hate those most of all."

Lucius came to the rescue, and began to talk with renewed vivacity, thus covering Lucille's confusion. He spoke of himself, giving all those details of his childhood and youth, the knowledge of which between new acquaintances at once establishes the familiarity that is halfway towards friendship.

He left early, fearful of outstaying his welcome; left with a sense of perfect content in this quiet domestic evening, although the old man had certainly not gone out of his way to conciliate his visitor. Lucille had talked very little, but even her silence had been interesting to Lucius. It seemed to him the indication, not of dullness, but of a gentle melancholy; a mind overshadowed by some olden sorrow, and perhaps depressed by the lonely life of that grim old mansion. He was not satisfied with a continental curtsy at parting, but offered her

his hand, which she took as frankly as if she had fully accepted him in the character of an adopted brother.

CHAPTER V.

"I HAD A SON, NOW OUTLAW'D FROM MY BLOOD."

Ten o'clock the next morning beheld Lucius again at the tall gate. He was admitted without question, and the open door of the parlor showed him Lucille—in a gay stuff gown, a large linen apron, and a white muslin cap, like a French grisette—rubbing the oaken wainscot with a beeswax cloth; while a small tub of water on the table, and some china cups and saucers set out to drain, showed that she had been washing the breakfast things. This circumstance explained the spotless neatness of all he had seen—the shining wainscot, the absence of a grain of dust upon any object in the room. She came out to wish him good-morning, no wise abashed.

"I daresay your English young ladies would think this very shocking," she said. "I ought to be practising Czerny's *Exercices de Facilité*, ought I not, at this time in the morning?"

"Our English girls are very stupid when they devote all their time to Czerny," he answered, "to the utter disregard of their domestic surroundings. I'm not going to talk that hackneyed trash which Cobbett brought into fashion, about preferring the art of making puddings to music and literature; but I think it simply natural to a woman of refinement to superintend the arrangements of her home—yes, and to use brooms and dusters rather than allow resting-places for so much as a drachm of flue or dust. But you talk of our English ladies as a race apart. Are you not English, Miss Sivewright?"

"Only on my father's side, and his mother was a Spanish-American. My mother," (with a sigh), "was a Frenchwoman."

"Ah," thought Lucius, "it is in such mixed races one finds beauty and genius."

How pretty she looked in her little muslin cap, adorning but not concealing the rich dark hair! the neutral-tinted gown, with its antique simplicity!

"Talking of music," he said, "have you no piano?"

"No, I am sorry to say. My grandfather has a prejudice against music."

"Indeed! There are few who care to confess such a singular prejudice."

"Perhaps. It is because"—falteringly and trifling nervously with the linen band of her apron—"because a person with whom he quarrelled long ago was fond of music."

"A somewhat unreasonable reason. And you are thus deprived of even such companionship as you might find in a piano. That seems hard."

"Pray do not blame my grandfather; he is very good to me. I have an old guitar—my mother's—with which I amuse myself sometimes in my own room, where he can't hear me. Shall I show you the way to my grandfather's bedroom? He seldom comes downstairs till after twelve o'clock."

Lucius followed her up the broad oak staircase, which at each spacious landing was encumbered with specimens of those ponderous Flemish cabinets and buffets, which would seem to have sprung into being spontaneously and plentiful as the toadstool race from the fertile soil of the Low Countries. Then along a dusky corridor, where ancient tapestry and dingy pictures covered the walls, to a door at the extreme end, which she opened.

"This is grandpapa's room," she said, upon the threshold, and there left him.

He knocked at the half-open door, not caring to enter the lion's den unauthorized. A stern voice bade him "Come in."

The room was large and lofty, but so crowded with the same species of lumber as that which he had seen below that there was little more than a passage or strait, whereby he could approach his patient. Here, too, were cabinets of ebony inlaid with *pietra dura*; in one corner stood an Egyptian mummy—perchance a departed Pharaoh, whose guilt-burdened soul had shivered at the bar of Osiris six thousand years ago; while on the wall above him hung a grim picture—of the early German school—representing the flaying of a saint and martyr, hideously faithful to anatomy. The opposite wall was entirely covered by moth-eaten tapestry, upon which the fair fingers of mediæval châtelines had depicted the Dance of Death, the figures life-size, and elaborate care bestowed upon the representation of the devil. Gazing with wondering eyes round the room, Lucius beheld elaborately-carved arm-chairs in Bombay black wood, peacock mosquito-fans, sandalwood caskets, poonah work, and ivory chessmen; lamps that had lighted Roman catacombs or burned on Pagan altars; Highland quichs from which Charles Edward had drunk the native usquebaugh; a Greek shield, of the time of Alexander, shaped like the back of a tortoise; a Chinese idol; a South Sea Islander's canoe. A hundred memories of lands remote, of ages lost in the mists of time, were suggested by this heterogeneous mass of property, which to the inexperienced eye of Lucius seemed more interesting than valuable.

The old man's bed stood in a corner near the fireplace—a small four-poster, with clumsily-carved columns, somewhat resembling that bedstead which the student of history gazes upon with awe in Mary Stuart's bedchamber at Holyrood, thinking how often that fair head must have lain itself down upon it, weary of care and care, and crown and royal robes, and false friends and false lovers—a shabby antique bedstead, with ragged hangings of faded red silk. There was a fire in the grate, pinched like the

grate below; a three-cornered chair of massive carved ebony, covered with stamped and gilded leather, stood beside it. Here sat the master of these various treasures, his long gray hair crowned with a black-velvet nightcap; his gaunt figure wrapped in a ragged damask dressing-gown, edged with well-worn fur; a garment which may have been coeval with the bedstead.

"Good-morning," said Mr. Sivewright, looking up from his newspaper. "You look surprised at the furniture of my bedroom; not room enough to swing a cat, is there? But you see I don't want to swing cats. When I get a bargain I bring it in here, and have it about me till I get tired of looking at it, and then Nathan and I carry it down-stairs to the general collection."

"Nathan?"

"Yes, Nathan Wincher, my old Jack-of-all-trades; you haven't seen him yet? He burrows somewhere in the back premises—sleeps in the coal-cellar, I believe—and is about as fond of daylight and fresh air as a mole. A faithful fellow enough. When he had a religion he was a Jew, as you may have guessed by his name. But he has given up all the outward observances of his faith a good many years, finding they stood in the way of business. He was my clerk and general assistant in Bond-street; here he amuses himself pottering about among my purchases; catalogues them after his own fashion, and could give a better statement of my affairs than any city accountant."

"A valuable servant," said Lucius.

"Do you think so? I haven't paid him anything for the last seven years. He stays with me, partly because he likes me in his slavish canine way, partly because he has nowhere else to go. His wife keeps my house, and takes care of Lucille. And now for our consultation; the pain in my side has been a trifle worse this morning."

Lucius began his interrogatory. Gently, and with that friendly persuasiveness which had made him beloved by his parish patients, he drew from the old man a full confession of his symptoms. The case was grave. An existence joyless, hard, laborious, monotonous to weariness, will sometimes exhaust the forces of the body, sap the vital power, as entirely as the wear and tear of riotous living. High pressure has pretty much the same effect, let the motive power be love of gain or love of pleasure. In a word, Homer Sivewright had worn himself out. There was chronic disease of long standing; there was general derangement which must end fatally sooner or later. He was over sixty years of age. He might die within the year; he might live two, three, four, five years longer.

"You have not spared yourself, I fear," said Lucius, as he put his stethoscope into his pocket.

"No; I have always had one great object in life. A man who has that rarely spares himself."

"Yet a man who wears himself out before his time by reckless labor is hardly wiser than those foolish virgins who left their lamps without oil."

"Perhaps. It is not always easy to be wise. A man whose domestic life is a disappointment is apt to concentrate his labor and his thoughts upon some object outside his home. My youth was a hard one from necessity, my middle age was hard from habit. I had not acquired the habit of luxury. My trade grew daily more interesting to me, ten times more so than anything the world calls pleasure. I spent my days in sale-rooms, or wandering in those strange nooks and corners to which art treasures sometimes drift—the mere jetsam and flotsam of life's troubled sea, the unconsidered spoil of ruined homes. My nights were devoted to accounts. I had no desire for any other form of life. If I could have afforded all the comforts and pleasures of modern civilisation—which of course I could not—my choice would have kept me exactly where I was."

"In future," said Lucius in his cheery tone—he never discouraged a patient—"it will be well for you to live more luxuriously. Stint yourself in nothing, and let the money you have hitherto spent in adding to your collection be henceforth devoted to good old port and a liberal dietary."

"I have spent nothing lately," said Sivewright sharply; "I have had nothing to spend."

"I don't want to doubt your word," replied Lucius, "but I tell you frankly you must live better than you have done, if you wish to live much longer."

"I do," cried the old man with sudden energy; "I have prayed for long life—I who pray so little. Yes, I have sent up that one supplication to the blind blind sky. I want to live for long years to come. If I had been born three hundred years ago, I should have sought for the sublime secret—the elixir of life. But I live in an age when men believe in nothing," with a profound sigh.

"Say rather in an age when men reserve their faith for the God who made them, instead of exhausting their powers of belief upon crucibles and alembics," answered Lucius in his most practical tone.

Then followed his *régime*, simple and sagacious, but to be followed strictly.

"I should like to say a few words to your granddaughter," he said; "so much in these cases depends upon good nursing."

"Say what you please," replied Mr. Sivewright, ringing his bell, "but let it be said in my hearing. I don't relish the notion of being treated like a child; of having powders given me unawares in jam, or senna in my tea. If you have a sentence of death to pronounce, pronounce it fearlessly. I am stoic enough to hear my death-warrant unmoved."

"I shall make no such demand upon your stoicism. The duration of your life will depend very much on your own prudence. Of course at sixty the avenue at the end of which a man sees his grave is not an endless perspective. But you have a comfortable time before you yet, Mr. Sivewright, if you will live wisely and make the most of it."

Lucille came in response to the bell, and to her Lucius repeated his directions as to diet and general treatment.

"I am not going to dose your grandfather with drugs," he said; "a mild tonic, to promote appetite, is all I shall give him. He complains of sleeplessness, a natural effect of thinking much, and monotonously brooding on some one theme, and that not a pleasant one."

The old man looked at him sharply, angrily even.

"I don't want any fortune telling," he said; "stick to your text. You profess to cure the body, and not the mind."

"Unless the mind will consent to assist the cure, my art is hopeless," answered Lucius.

He finished his advice, dwelling much on that essential point, a generous diet. The girl looked at her grandfather doubtfully. He seemed to answer the look.

"The money must be found, child," he said, in a fretful tone, "if I part with the gems of my collection. After all life is the great necessity; all ends with that."

"You will find your spare cash better bestowed upon your own requirements than on Egyptian mummies," said Lucius, with a disparaging glance at the defunct Pharaoh.

Mr. Sivewright promised to be guided by his counsel, and civilly dismissed him.

"Come to me as often as you like," he said, "since you come as a friend; and let it be in the evening if that is pleasantest to you. I suppose there will be no necessity for any more serious examinations like this morning's," with a faint smile, and a disagreeable recollection of the stethoscope, which instrument seemed to him as much an emblem of death as the skull and crossbones on an old-fashioned tombstone.

Lucius and Lucille went down-stairs together, and he lingered a little in the oak-paneled parlor, from which all tokens of her housewifely cares had now vanished. A bunch of violets and snowdrops in a tall Venetian beaker stood in the centre of the table; a few books, an open workbasket, indicated the damsel's morning occupation. She had taken off her linen apron, but not the cap, which gave the faintest spice of coquetry to her appearance, and which Lucius thought the prettiest headgear he had ever seen.

They talked a little of the old man up-stairs; but the surgeon was careful not to alarm Mr. Sivewright's granddaughter. Alas, poor child, coldly and grudgingly as he acknowledged her claim upon him, he was her only guardian, the sole barrier between her and the still colder world outside her gloomy home.

"You do not think him very ill?" she asked anxiously.

"I do not think there is any reason for you to be anxious. Careful I am sure you will be; and care may do much to prolong his life. He has used himself hardly."

"Yes," she answered in a mournful tone. "He has had troubles, heavy troubles, and he broods upon them."

"Change of air and scene might be advantageous. There is an oppressive atmosphere in such a house as this, in such a quarter of the town."

"I have sometimes found it so."

"When the spring comes, say about the middle of April, I should strongly recommend a change for you both. To Hastings for instance."

The girl shook her head despondently.

"He would never consent to spend so much money," she said. "We are very poor."

"Yet Mr. Sivewright can find money for his purchases."

"They cost so little; a few shillings at a time. The things he buys are bargains, which he discovers in strange out-of-the-way places."

"Is he often out of doors?"

"Yes, and for long hours together. But lately he has been more fatigued after those long rambles than he used to be."

"He must abandon them altogether. And you have spent half your life alone in this old house?"

"Yes. I am accustomed to solitude. It is rather dull sometimes. But I have my books, and the house to take care of, for old Mrs. Wincher does very little, and some pleasant memories of the past to amuse me when I sit and think."

"Is your past a very bright one?"

"Only the quiet life of a school in Yorkshire, where I was sent when I was very young, and where I stayed till I was seventeen. But the life seemed bright to me. I had governesses and schoolfellows whom I loved, and green hills and woods that I loved only less than them."

This paved the way for farther confidences. She spoke of her youth, of his; of his father and mother, of his sister, the little one buried in the family grave, not that other whose fate he knew not; his college days; things he had spoken of the night before. She stopped him in the middle.

"Tell me about America," she said; "I want to know all about America. Some one I loved very much went to America."

"I should have hardly thought your life had been eventful enough for much love," said Lucius somewhat coldly.

"I have not seen the person I speak of since I was seven years old," she answered, with a

sigh. "I think I may trust you; we are friends, are we not?"

"Did not your grandfather authorise me to consider myself almost your adopted brother?"

"The person I spoke of just now is one whose very name is forbidden here. But that cruelty cannot make me forget him. It only strengthens my memory. He is my father."

"Your father? Yes, I understand; the son whom your grandfather cast off. But not without cause, I suppose?"

"Perhaps not," answered Lucille, the dark deep eyes filling with tears that were quickly brushed away. "He may have been to blame. My grandfather has never told me why they quarrelled. He has only told me in hard cruel words that they learned to hate each other before they learned to forget each other. I was not old enough to know anything except that my father was always kind to me, and always dear to me. I did not see him very much. He was out a great deal, out late at night, and I was alone with an old servant in my grandfather's house in Bond-street, where we had lived ever since I could remember. But I was not born there. We had a dark little parlor behind the shop, which went back a long way, and was crowded like the room on the other side of the hall. The days used to seem very long and dull so little sunshine, so little air. But everything grew bright when papa came in for an hour, and took me on his knee, and told me long wild stories, German stories, I believe, yet half his own invention; stories of kelpies and lurleys and haunted castles, of a world that was peopled with fairies, where every leaf and every flower had its sprite. But I shall tire you with all this talk," she said, checking herself suddenly; "and perhaps your patients are waiting for you."

"They must wait a few minutes longer. Tire me; no, I am deeply interested in all you tell me. Pray go on. Those were your happy hours which your father spent at home."

"Happy beyond all measure. Sometimes, of a winter's evening—winter was the pleasantest time in that dark little parlor—he would sit idly by the fire in a great armchair; sometimes he would take his violin from a shelf in the corner by the chimney-piece, and play to me. I used to climb upon his knee, and sit half buried in the big chair while he played; such sweet music, low and solemn, like the music of one's dreams. I have heard nothing like it since. Those were happy nights when he stayed at home till I went to bed, happy hours beside the fire. We used to have no light in the room but the fire-light, and I fancied the shadowy corners were full of fairies."

"Did you hear nothing of the quarrel between your father and your grandfather? Children, even at seven years old, are quick to observe."

"No. If they quarrelled it was not in my hearing. My grandfather lived entirely in his business. He seldom came into the parlor except for his meals, or until late at night, when I had gone to bed. I only know that one morning he was very ill, and when he came downstairs he had an awful look in his face, like the face of a man risen from the grave, and he beckoned me to him, and told me my father had gone away, for ever. I cannot tell you my grief, it was almost desperate. I wanted to run away, to follow my father. And one night, which I remember, O so well, a wet winter night, I got up and put on my clothes somehow, after Mrs. Wincher had put me to bed, and crept down the dark staircase, and opened the door in the passage at the side of the shop, which was rarely used, and went out into the wet streets. I can see the lamps reflected on the shining pavement to this day, if I shut my eyes, and feel the cold wet wind blowing upon my face."

"Poor child!"

"Yes, I was a very miserable child that night. I wandered about for a long time, looking for my father in the crowd; sometimes following a figure that looked like his ever so far, only to find I had followed a stranger. I remember the shop windows being shut one by one, and the streets growing dark and empty, and how at last I grew frightened, and sat down on a doorstep and began to cry. A policeman came across the street and looked at me, and shook me roughly by the arm, and then began to question me. I was quite disheartened by this time, and had given up all hope of finding my father; so I told him my name and where I lived, and he took me home, through a great many narrow streets and turnings and windings. I must have walked a long way, for I know I had crossed one of the bridges over the river. Everybody had gone to bed when the policeman knocked at the door in Bond-street. My fight had not been found out. My grandfather came down to open the door in his dressing-gown and slippers. He didn't even scold me, he seemed too much surprised for that, when he saw me wet and muddy and foot-store. He gave me the man money, and carried me up to my little bedroom at the top of the house, and lighted a fire with his own hands, and did all he could to make me warm and comfortable. He asked me why I had gone out, and I told him. Then for the first time that I can remember, he took me in his arms and kissed me. 'Poor Luce,' he said, 'poor little orphan girl!' He was very kind to me for the next three days, and then took me down to Yorkshire to the school, where a stayed nearly ten years."

"A strange sad story," said Lucius, deeply interested. "And have you never been told your father's fate?"

"Only that he went to America, and that my grandfather has never heard of him, from the hour in which they parted until now."

"May he not have had some tidings, and kept the truth from you?"

"I don't think he would tell me a direct falsehood; and he has most positively declared that he has received no letter from my father, and has heard nothing of him from any other source. He is dead, no doubt. I cannot think that he would quite forget the little girl who used to sit upon his knee."

"You believe him to have been a good father then, in spite of your grandfather's condemnation of him?"

"I believed that he loved me."

"Have you no recollection of your mother?"

"No. She must have died when I was very young. I have seen her portrait. My grandfather keeps it hidden away in his desk, with old letters, and other relics of the past. I begged him once to give it to me, but he refused. 'Better forget that you ever had a father or a mother,' he said, in his bitterest tone. But I have not forgotten my mother's face, and its sweet thoughtful beauty."

"I am ready to believe that she was beautiful," said Lucius, with a tender smile. Lucille's story had brought them ever so much nearer together. Now, indeed, he might allow himself to be interested in her—might freely surrender himself captive to the charm of her gentle beauty—the magic of her sympathetic voice. The little pathetic picture of a sorrowful childhood—a tender heart overflowing with love that none cared to garner—that made him her slave for ever. Was this love at first sight, that foolish unreasoning passion, which in Geoffrey Hosack he deemed akin to lunacy? No, rather an intuitive recognition of the one woman in all the world created to be the sharer of his brightest hopes, the object of his sweetest solicitude, the recompense and crown of his life. He had to tear himself away after only a few friendly words, for the voice of duty in the tones of his parish patients seemed to call him from this enchanted scene.

"I shall look in once or twice a week in the evening," he said, "and keep a watchful eye upon my patient. Good-bye."

Towards the end of that week he spent another evening in Cedar House, and in the following week two more evenings, and so on, through windy March, and in the lengthening days of April, until he looked back and wondered how he had managed to live before his common-place existence had been brightened by these glimpses of a fairer world. The old man grew still more familiar—friendly even—and allowed the two young people to talk at their ease; nor did he seem to have any objection to their growing intimacy. As the days grew longer, he suffered them to wander about the old house in the spring twilight, and out into a desert in the rear, which had once been a garden, where there still remained an ancient cedar, with skeleton limbs that took grim shapes in the dusk. Not a second Eden, by any means, for it ended in a wharf, where grimy barges, laden with rubble, or sand, or rags, or bones, or coal, or old iron, lay lopsided in the inky mud, waiting to be disburdened of their freight.

Yet to one at least these wanderings, these lingering *tête-à-tête* by the wharf, looking down dreamily at the Betsy Jane of Wapping, or the Ann Smith of Bermondsey, were all sufficient for happiness.

Seeing the old man thus indulgent, Lucius assured himself that he could have formed no other views about his granddaughter; since, as Lucius himself thought, it would naturally occur to him that he, Lucius, must needs fall madly in love with her. He felt all the more secure upon this point since he had so long been a constant visitor at Cedar House, and had met no one there who could pretend to Miss Sivewright's favor. A snuffy old dealer had been once or twice closeted with Mr. Sivewright, but that was all. And however base a tyrant he might be, he could scarcely contemplate bestowing his lovely grandchild upon an old man in a shabby coat, who presented himself on the threshold of the parlor with an abject air, and brought some object of art or virtue wrapped in a blue-cotton handkerchief for the connoisseur's inspection.

So the year grew older, and Lucius Davoren looked out upon a new existence, cheered by new hopes, and happy thoughts which went with him through the long days of toil, and whispered to his soul in the pauses of his studious nights.

Even the hideous memory of what went before his illness in America—that night in the pine-forest, that winter dusk when the wicked face looked in at his window, when the wolfish eyes glared at him for the last time, save in his dreams—even that dread picture faded somewhat, and he could venture to think calmly over the details of that tragedy, and say to himself, "The blood I shed yonder was justly shed."

To be continued.

BOOKS.

Books are like men; they have their excellences and their defects. Books are but a reflection of men, as in a glass; the authors paint their own faces in them; and many of the best authors paint their hearts there too. Books are full of idiosyncrasies. Milton tries occasionally to be humorous, and amusingly fails in it; as Hobbes does in poetry. Johnson is a severe moralist; and when he attempts to be lively, becomes only ludicrous. Goldsmith would be philosophical, but is amusing, lively, and graceful, in spite of himself.

Men have sympathies for books as they have for each other. There are times and seasons at which particular books are more welcome than

at others. In affliction we cling to the Book of Books,—the Bible; or to Jeremy Taylor, or John Howe, or Baxter, or to Tennyson's "In Memoriam," or Young's "Night Thoughts," or Milton's "Paradise Lost." These books come to us like an innumerable company of angels, bearing consolation, and blessing, and joy on their wings. In moments of gladness, there are the fictions of Scott, the poetry of Shakespeare, the history of Macaulay. Would we read for knowledge, there is the philosophy of Bacon, and Mill, and Carlyle. There is no end of companionship in books, no matter what the humor in which a man may be; and to be read with profit, the reader must adapt his time of reading to the book. Lamb used to say, that before reading Milton, one almost required to have a solemn service played in his hearing. Southey divided books into three classes:—One for the table, a second for the fields, a third for the coach; and he was never without one of these for a companion. Johnson when at dinner, usually had a book beside him, in a corner of the tablecloth. Some books are best relished by the fireside in winter, others in the fields in summer. Books of voyages are for winter nights, for, as Southey says,—

"'Tis pleasant by the cheerful hearth to hear Of tempests and the dangers of the deep, And pause at times, and feel that we are safe; And with an eager and suspended soul, Woo terror to delight us."

We often treat books as companions, and, in course of time, regard them as old friends. We invest the favorite book with a kind of personality; we remember every leaf, and dog's ear, and pencil-mark. These are the features by which we know our old friends. Again, how often do you discern a man by the love that he bears to a book? How often do you discover an affinity with a person through the admiration which he displays for the book which is your own special favorite. The book at once forms a bond of union for you. It is the same with men. Two men often discern the affinity which they bear to each other, by the admiration which they display for a third. Have you not often discovered this? There is an old proverb, "Love me, love my dog." We think there is more wisdom in "Love me, love my book." We can feel with you through the medium of a book, and can yield a willing response to your thoughts: we can love, rejoice, and sympathise with you in the generous affections, the enlarged views, the thrilling poetry, the glorious thoughts evoked by some favorite writer. We live in him together, and he lives in us again. The great writer, though dead, yet speaketh; the immortal part of him lives among us yet.

Look down the rows of books arranged on your shelves; walk along and read the titles on their backs. It is like a walk along a parterre of beautiful flowers; you can tell each one by its name. You can cull these beauties at your pleasure. They yield up their choicest treasures at our bidding. They are our friends, companions, servants, whom we can carry in our hand, hide in our bosom, or stow away into a side pocket; they are alike ready for our companionship in the fields, on the road, or by the fireside. How delightful, when far away from home, in a foreign land, or in the far-off Australia, or New Zealand, to take up a book which recalls to mind, as by an enchanter's wand, the green woods, the grassy slopes, the old churchyards, the village greens, the sparkling streams flowing down the dales and valleys of old England. Is not a book which serves to keep alive pure feelings and early associations a thing of inestimable value? And there are thousands of books which do this for men, for all men, poor as well as rich.

"The humblest appeal," says Mr. Willmott, "is never rejected. The farmer who has treasured a few lines of rural description, may bind the sheaves upon his bed of sickness; the rose and the woodbine will trail their clusters down the wall, and the broken light through the curtains be changed into the tremulous glimmer of elms on the village green. Even the old squire, no longer startling the woods with his horn, may enjoy a quiet chase in metre, clear a hedge upon a swift hexameter, and in pursuit of the 'brush,' which was the crown and pride of his manhood, 'still scour the country in his elbow-chair.' How, in all times, have the Muse's enchantments been worked? O Queen of Wonders, what tears hast thou dried? What spirits has thou sent to the gifted in their sorrows, to touch the mourner with a silver wand, and waft him into Elysium? We think of Milton after the sight of his eyes had gone from him, when the rays of early study shone across his path; when the voices he loved in youth, solemn notes of tragic, or livelier numbers of lyric verse, stole into his ear, out of the gloom; and nightingales sang as sweetly in Cripple-gate, as when the April leaf trembled in his father's garden."

We must now have done. The theme is a most fertile one to discourse upon; but we forbear. Books have always been a charm to men, and so long as men are intelligent, they will continue so. They exhibit to us the world as it has been, and as it is. They are friends, companions, and advisers; nor do we wonder at the old lover of books, who, when he felt himself dying, desired that he might be carried into his library, to die in their midst. Books are amongst the best furnishings of a house, and we like to see them lying in the cottage window-sill of the peasant, as well as on the table of the boudoir or drawing-room. It is eminently graceful for the hand that holds the plough or drives the shuttle to handle a pleasant or instructive book in the evening hour. Thanks to

the printing-press, every workingman can have his book or his paper. Literature is free to those who can read, and the age of monopoly in learning is past away. The poorest may now have his friendly volume for the chimney-corner, and discourse with the souls of the mighty dead, in the books which they have bequeathed as their legacy to the world.

IRISH COQUETRY.

Says Patrick to Biddy, "Good-mornin', me dear!"

It's a bit av a sacret I've got for yer ear: It's yoursell' that is lukin' so charmin' the day That the heart in me breast is fast slippin' away."

"'Tis you that kin flatter," Miss Biddy replies, And throws him a glance from her merry blue eyes.

"Arrah, thin," cries Patrick, "'tis thinkin' av you

That's makin' me heart-sick, me darlint, that's thue!"

Sure I've waited a long while to tell ye this same,

And Biddy Maloney'll be sich a foine name."

Cries Biddy, "Have done wid yer talkin', I pray;

Sure me heart's not me own for this many a day!"

"I gave it away to a good-lookin' boy, Who thinks there is no one like Biddy Molloy; So don't bother me, Pat; jist be alsy," says she. "Indade, if ye'll let me, I will that!" says he. "It's a bit of a flirt that ye are on the sly; I'll not trouble ye more, but I'll bid ye good-by."

"Arrah, Pathrick," cries Biddy, "an' where are ye goin'?"

Sure it isn't the best av good manners ye're showin'!

To lave me so suddint!" "Och, Biddy," cries Pat,

"You have knocked the cock feather jist out av me hat!"

"Come back, Pat," says she, "What for, thin?" says he.

"Bekase I meant you all the time, Sir!" says she.

A Flight from the Inquisition.

Archibald Bower, whose singular experiences of an Italian inquisition in the last century we propose to narrate, was a native of Scotland, being born there about the year 1686. When only five years old he was sent over by his parents to an uncle in Italy. In that country his education was entirely conducted, and he became so great a proficient in learning as to be appointed, when yet very young, to various important scholastic offices. Eventually, he was made Professor of Rhetoric and Logic in the college at Macerata. Here was established an inquisition, the constitution of which may be gathered pretty accurately from Bower's own account.

The Holy Tribunal, he says, consisted of an inquisitor, who was president of it, and twelve counsellors. The latter were chosen by the inquisitor either from among the ecclesiastics or the laity, but were always men eminent for learning. They had a salary of about two hundred pounds per annum each, and an apartment in the inquisition house, where the inquisitor resided. There were in addition great privileges and much honor to the counsellors, besides a certainty of good performance. The offences coming under their cognizance were purely those against the faith or practice of the church, and these generally were very trifling—such as saying or doing anything disrespectful with regard to saints, images, relics, or the like. When any person was accused before the inquisitor, a council was summoned always in the middle of the night. If any happened to be absent, their place was supplied by a notary—for all trials must be in a full court—who made known to them the crime, without naming either the inquirer or the criminal.

On an accused person being apprehended, he was confined seven or eight days without the least glimpse of light, or any other sustenance than a little bread and water once a day. After that time was elapsed, the court was summoned for the trial. A notary attended, to write down all the accused should say, and a surgeon to feel his pulse, and tell how much torture he could be made to bear. The machines and engines for torturing being all fixed, the prisoner was brought, and without ever having been told either his offence or accuser, or having had the least liberty to expostulate, he was exhorted to confess his guilt.

Any account of the tortures and punishments inflicted would be superfluous, for they are well known. We pass on to Bower's personal narrative. While professor of Rhetoric in the college, he was by favor of the inquisitor, appointed to a vacant office of judge, which, looking to emoluments, was considered a good preferment. Speedily, the horrid scenes he was compelled to witness shocked his feelings. His sense of justice was outraged, and he wished himself well out of the position into which he had unfortunately fallen. For three years he was projecting his escape, and revolving in his mind every possible method of effecting it. But when he considered the formidable difficulties with

which each of them was attended, and the terrible consequences if he failed in the attempt, he was held in suspense. At last an accident happened which confirmed his resolution, but at the same time gave the inquisitor an opportunity of trying him to the utmost. A person who was his intimate friend was accused to the inquisitor for saying something irreverent regarding the Carthusian friars, and, by orders of the inquisitor, Bower was ordered to arrest him. It was a dreadful trial of feeling, but he executed his commission. The inquisitor said the next morning, when Mr. Bower delivered the key of the prison and told him that the gentleman was there: "This is done like one that is desirous at least to conquer the weakness of nature."

After this no one will be surprised that Bower was determined to effect his escape from an office so ill-suited to him. It was a most desperate undertaking. But the manner of it was all that now occupied his thoughts. He resolved to ask leave to go to Loretto, and for that purpose waited on the inquisitor several times. Conscious, however, of his own design, whenever he attempted to speak, he feared the words would falter on his tongue, and his very confusion betray him, and he was some time before he preferred his request. At last one day, being in familiar converse with the inquisitor, he came out with it at once. "My Lord," said he, "it is long since I was at Loretto; will your Lordship give me leave to go there for a week?" "With all my heart," was the reply. Having all his matters in readiness, including his valuable papers (among which was the Directory), he ordered a horse to be at his door early the next morning. When the horse came, he carried his portmanteau down himself, and fixed it to the saddle. He carried two loaded pistols, in case of emergency, being resolved never to be taken alive.

The plan he had laid down was to take all the by-roads into Switzerland. Four hundred miles must be traversed before he was clear of the pope's dominions; he knew the road for barely half the distance. When he had travelled about ten miles without meeting a soul, he reached a place where two roads met, one leading to Loretto, the other the way he proposed to go. "Here he stood," to quote his own words, "some minutes in the most profound perplexity. The dreadful alternative appeared now in the strongest view; and he was even tempted to quit his daring project as impracticable, and so turn to Loretto. But at last collecting all the force of his staggering resolution, he boldly pushed his horse into the contrary road, and at that instant left all his fears behind him." It was in the month of April that he set out. In the first seventeen days he did not go one hundred miles, so terrible were the ways he was obliged to take among mountains, thick woods, rocks, and precipices; generally no better path than a sheep-track, and sometimes not that. Whenever Bower met any one, which was but seldom, he pretended he had lost his way, and inquired for the high-road, to avoid suspicion. For he well knew that as soon as they missed the papers he had carried away with him, or had any reason to suspect his flight, expresses would be despatched in every direction where it might be expected to gain tidings of him. Every possible method would be used to effect his capture. As appeared in the sequel, the expresses were actually a hundred miles in advance of him in a very short time. During these seventeen days he supported himself with a little goat's milk, got from a shepherd, besides some coarse victuals he was able to purchase from people whom he met on the road, principally woodcutters. His horse was fed with what grass could be found, his sleeping-place being always chosen where there was most shelter for himself, and a liberal supply of grass for the poor beast. At the expiration of this time, having tasted hardly anything for the last three days of it, he was compelled to strike into the high-road, and enter the first house he came to, which happened to be a post-house, with only one small room, where gentlemen stayed till their horses were changed. He begged the landlady to give him some victuals; but looking about, he saw a paper pasted up over the door, which contained the most minute description of his own person, and offered a reward of eight hundred crowns to any one bringing him alive to the inquisition, or of six hundred crowns for his head. This was terrifying enough, as there were two countrymen in the house. He tried to hide his face by rubbing it with his handkerchief and blowing his nose; and when he got into the room, by looking out of the window. But one of the fellows presently observing: "This gentleman does not care to be known," Bower thought there was nothing for it but to brave it out; so, turning to the speaker, he put his handkerchief in his pocket, and said boldly: "You rascal! what do you mean? What have I done that I need fear to be known? Look at me, you villain!" The man made no reply, but got up, nodded his head, and winking significantly to his companion, they went out together. Bower watched them from the window, but a corner obstructed his view for a few minutes. In a short time he espied them with two or three others in close conference. This foreboded no good. Not a moment was to be lost. He drew out his pistols, put one in his sleeve, and with the other cocked in his hand, marched to the stable, mounted his horse, and rode off without saying a word.

Fortunately, the men wanted either presence of mind or courage to attack him, for they certainly recognised him by the description given in the advertisement. He was now again obliged to seek refuge in the woods, where he must soon have famished, had not fortune once more

stood his friend. At night, when he was almost fainting, he met with some woodcutters, who supplied him with excellent provisions. He wandered for some time through paths in which he rendered his horse more assistance than he received, being obliged to clear the roads and lead him.

As night advanced, he laid himself down, in a disconsolate condition, having no idea where he was or which way he should turn. When the day began to break, he found he was on a small eminence, where he discovered a town at a distance, which seemed of considerable extent, from the number of steeples and spires which could be counted. Though this was some satisfaction to him, yet it was not unaccompanied with fear, as he knew not what place it was, and he might incur much risk by going into the high-road to inquire. However, he advanced as fast as he could, and asking the first person he met, was informed that it was Lucerne, the residence of the pope's nuncio, to and from whom all the expresses concerning the fugitive must have been despatched. This road, therefore, not suiting his views, he left it the moment his informer was out of sight, and once more betook himself into the woods, where he wandered for some time longer, oppressed by hunger and cold, and perplexed with uncertainty whether he should go.

One dismal, dark, and wet night, he could neither find shelter, nor ascertain where he was, nor what course he should pursue; but after some time perceiving a light a long distance off, he attempted to proceed towards it. With some difficulty he discovered a track, but so narrow and uneven, that he was forced to put one foot before the other in the most cautious manner. With much labor he reached the place from which he had seen the light: it was a miserable cottage. He knocked and called until some one looked out, and demanded who he was, and what brought him there. Bower replied that he was a stranger, and had lost his way.

"Way!" cried the man; "there is no way to lose!"

"Why, where am I?"

"In the canton of Bern."

"In the canton of Bern? Thank God!" exclaimed Bower, enraptured.

"How come you here?" said the man.

Bower begged that he would come down and open the door, and he would then satisfy him. He did so. Bower then asked him if he had heard anything of a person who had lately escaped from the inquisition. "Ay! heard of him, we have all heard of him! after sending off so many expresses, and so much noise about him! Heaven grant that he may be safe, and keep out of their hands!" Bower said that he was the very person. The peasant, in a transport of joy, clasped him in his arms, kissed him, and ran to call his wife, who came with every expression of delight in her face; and making one of her best courtesies, kissed his hand. Her husband spoke Italian, but she could not; and Bower not understanding Swiss, she was obliged to make her congratulations in pantomime, or by her husband as her interpreter. Both expressed much concern that they had no better accommodation for him: "If they had had a bed for themselves, he should have had it; but he should have some clean straw and what covering they possessed."

The good man hastened to get off Bower's wet clothes, and wrap something about him till they were dry; the wife busied herself in getting ready what victuals they had, which they regretted were no better than a little sour-kraut and some new-laid eggs. Three of these were served up with the kraut, and he made a comfortable meal; after which he enjoyed what might properly be called repose, for it was quiet and secure.

As soon as he rose in the morning, the honest Swiss and his wife came to know how he had rested. The good dame was dressed in her holiday clothes. After breakfast, the husband set out with him to direct him on the road to Bern, which was at no great distance, but first insisted on returning with him a little way, to show him the road he had taken on the previous night. He now became aware of another great danger which he had escaped. He saw that he and his horse had passed a fearful precipice, where the breadth of the path would scarcely admit a horse, the sight of which made him shudder. His host went with him for several miles along the road to Bern, and then left him with a thousand good wishes.

At Bern, Bower inquired for the minister to whom he made himself known, and received from him as hearty a welcome as from the Swiss, with the addition of a more elegant entertainment. He was advised to go forward the next morning to Basel; for, though protected from open violence, he was unsafe from secret treachery. From Basel a boat sailed at stated times to Holland, and was usually crowded with desperate characters, fugitives from their respective countries for all manner of crimes and offences. This conveyance seemed to afford the most expeditious mode of getting to England. Bower was received kindly by the minister at Basel, to whom he was recommended by his friend at Bern. During the two days preceding the sailing of the boat for Holland, Bower kept close quarters, and equipped himself in a manner suitable to the company with which he was about to associate, putting his proper clothes into his portmanteau, of which, as he was instructed to be particularly careful, he made his seat by day, and his pillow by night. Being obliged to leave his horse, which was endeared to him by the hardships it had shared with him, he was determined to place it in the hands of a

kind master, and presented it to the friendly minister, who promised that it should be ridden by no one but himself; and that, when it became old or infirm, it should be comfortably maintained.

Disgusting as he found the company on board, he was compelled to regret the necessity of leaving it, in consequence of the vessel having sprung a leak, which obliged the master to put in at Strasburg for repairs, which might detain him a fortnight. To stay there was impossible. Bower, therefore, took off his shabby dress, in which he was disguised, at the first inn he saw, and concealing it beneath the bed, stole out with his portmanteau to a tavern, from whence he set out to engage a place in the stage to Calais. For the first two or three days of his journey, he heard nothing concerning himself, which induced him to hope that the news of his escape had not reached France; but he was soon undeceived. For the last two or three stages everybody was full of it. When he came to the inn at Calais, the first persons he saw were two Jesuits, with the badge of the inquisition—a red cross—upon them, in a room with several other officials, appointed to take care of the high-roads, and to apprehend any criminal who was making his escape. This was an unpleasant prospect, and Bower immediately hastened to the water-side to ask when the next boat sailed for England. He was told, not till the Monday following; it was then Friday. He turned to a waterman, and asked him if he would carry him across in an open boat, offering a liberal reward; but the man, and others to whom the same request was made, declined. He soon became aware that he had made a false step, as every one about began to take notice of him, feeling sure that he was a person of great consequence, bearing most important despatches, or else a criminal eager to elude justice. When he reached the inn, finding the room where the Jesuits had been unoccupied, he inquired of the woman who kept the house what had become of the good company he had left there.

"O sir!" said she, "I am sorry to tell you, but they are upstairs searching your portmanteau."

What course to pursue, he could not determine. By water he knew he could not escape; and in order to get through the gates he must pass the guards, who, most probably, were prepared to intercept him. If it were practicable to secrete himself till it was dark, and attempt to scale the walls, he was unacquainted with their height; and if detected, he was ruined. The dangers he had surmounted now aggravated the terror of his situation. After weathering the storm so long, to perish within sight of the desired haven was a distracting thought. Whilst engaged in these sad reflections, he heard some company laughing and talking very loudly, and listening at the door, he found them to be speaking English. He rushed into the room, and recognising Lord Baltimore, whom he had seen at Rome, desired the favor of a word with him in private. The surprise occasioned by his sudden appearance, with one pistol cocked in his hand and another in his sleeve, was increased by Mr. Bower's request, accompanied by his determined air. Lord Baltimore desired him to lay down his pistols, which he did, begging pardon for not having done so before. On being informed whom he was, Lord Baltimore proposed to the company that they should rise up, and taking him in the midst of them, try to cover him till they could get to his Lordship's boat. The scheme succeeded: the boat was near; they got to it unobserved, and rowed about two miles to where the yacht lay, in which they had come for an excursion. The wind being fair, they soon reached Dover, where he was safely landed, on the 11th July, 1732.

A long time afterwards, being with the same Lord Baltimore at Greenwich, a message came to him that some gentlemen wished to speak with him at a house close by the waterside, where was a passage into the river from a summer-house in the garden. Lord Baltimore asked who could want him, and recommended Bower not to go. But he, not wishing to be thought afraid, determined to investigate the matter. Two armed servants, however, attended him; but when he and his guard reached the house, no one there would own to having sent for him.

The hero of the above story afterwards procured an appointment as keeper of Queen Caroline's library, and died in 1766, aged eighty.—*Chamber's.*

"THAT LITTLE FRENCHMAN."

CHAPTER IX.

FINDING A HAVEN.

The library door was not closed before James had seen and heard enough to make him go downstairs and declare to his sleepy fellow-servant in the hall that there was "about as rum a start upstairs as ever he knew on." For Grosvenor-square is not at all a romantic place, either in or out of the season. Mysteries do not often come under the notice of the attendants at the great mansions; for matters, as a rule, go on in as regular a beat as that of the policeman who occasionally turns the light of his bull's-eye down the various areas, of course to see that no burglarious attempts are being made to reach the plate chests of the vicinity, as the tradespeople call it in their circulars; though it is quite within the range of probability that "the stern myrmidon of the law" (see report in

North-Western News) is just as often thinking of surreptitious visitors to the maidens of the house as of the Hall-marked forks and spoons reclining in their green baize beds.

James's fellow-servant gave utterance to something that was destroyed in its articulation by a yawn, and then helped himself to another horn of ale, hardly attending to the history of the "rum start" upstairs, though even he allowed that the proceedings were very strange.

For before the door closed Louis Rivière had stepped forward, caught Lady Lawler's hand in both of his, and kissed it again and again, before seizing Sir Richard's, and treating his in the same fashion. In fact, but for a retrograde motion on the part of the baronet, the visitor would have caught him in his arms, and kissed him on both cheeks; and it was with a sigh of relief that he felt the continental salute fall upon extremities easily afterwards immersed in a basin of water.

"You here, Monsieur Rivière!" exclaimed Lady Lawler; while Sir Richard remained perfectly silent, not even offering a chair to his visitors.

"Oui, miladi—I am here at last. But my wife here, poor child, she is fainting. We have journeyed long. We have not eaten this day. A glass of water—a piece of bread!"

As he spoke he darted back to his companion, who stood motionless, closely muffled, and leaning against the table. With all a foreigner's demonstrativeness, he took her to his heart, fondling her as if she were a weary child; and then, asking consent with his eyes, he led her to an easy chair, where she lay back, cold and exhausted with her journey.

Whatever may have been the thoughts of Sir Richard Lawler, the sight of the pale, haggard woman, whose great eyes seemed to glare appealingly, brought him to himself in an instant. Before Lady Lawler could reach her side, Sir Richard had left the room, returning soon with wine and glasses, which he brought in himself, much to the disgust of James, who was eager to see what was going on in what he termed the "library." But, upon this occasion, he had not so much as a glance through the crack of the door; and he descended, vowing that, if there was much more "of this here sorter thing going on in the house, he knew jolly well what he should do. He wasn't going to be kept out of his bed all night because of that little Frenchman."

Very excusable this, for James was tired. He took no interest in the fresh visitors, who were very shabby, and not likely to allay the itching of his palm; and, lastly, he had been made not only to smart from a blow, but to awaken to the fact that there was a hated rival in his path.

In the meantime, Sir Richard Lawler, with all a gentleman's hospitality, was doing his best to set his visitors at their ease. At first, blither recollections of the past had flashed through his mind, bringing up Rivière's openly displayed admiration for La Belle Anglaise, and his wife's rather frivolous conduct; but the knowledge of the misery through which the refugees had passed, and the sight of their helplessness and distress as they silently appealed to him for his aid, awoke all the better feelings of his nature. Driving all ungenerous thoughts away, he vied with his wife in his attentions to the half-fainting woman in the chair.

In spite of her suffering and weakness, Madame Rivière had at first shrunk from Lady Lawler; but the tender earnestness with which the Englishwoman ministered to her soon won upon her impulsive nature, and in a short time her arms were wildly flung round her hostess, and she was weeping hysterically upon her bosom.

"Weep—it will relieve," said Rivière, in a voice of ineffable tenderness. "Pauvre enfant!—what she has suffered!" and he laid his hand reverently upon the dishevelled head of his wife; while Sir Richard walked softly up and down the room, pretending to whistle, but all the while crying indirectly—that is to say, through the nose.

CHAPTER X.

BEATING THE BARS.

The house in Grosvenor-square was very silent, for at last the servants were dismissed. The tiny bell in the great bronze clock over the fireplace had chimed out the half-hour after two, but there were still three occupants of the library. Lady Lawler had just returned from seeing, with all a sister's kindness, her visitor to the room that had been made ready, and now stood leaning upon her husband's shoulder, as Rivière once more reverently crossed to where she stood, and raised and kissed her hand.

"But you have been good to my poor Marie," he said, softly. "Is it that you English are all angels, and we French but fiends? Look you, I cross our land hunted. They would have killed me. I dared not stay. And for what? What had I done? But I reach the sea with Marie, and we cross, and at last crawl here lest we should die of hunger; and you treat us—ah, mon Dieu!"

He kissed the tips of his fingers as he softly went back to his chair; and leaned back, covered his face with his hands, and sobbed like a child.

"I am weak—very weak," he said, deprecatingly, as he raised his eyes at last, and looked from one to the other; "but you unman me with your kindness. I came to you in despair, without clothes—without a home—without a sou. I came to ask for bread, and a place to lay our weary heads for a few hours. And what do

you? You slay me—you crush me down with your kindness. I can never be grateful enough." "Oh, nonsense—don't say any more about it," said Sir Richard, in a rough, half embarrassed fashion—for this was a sort of thing he could not stand, so he afterwards said to his lady when they were alone. "You managed to escape, though," he said, to change the conversation.

"Escape? Ma foi! yes, it is so, or I should not be here."

"Then you were not set free?" said Lady Lawler, in a husky voice.

"Set free!" exclaimed Rivière, with flashing eyes. "They would have kept me till I died—died of rage and misery—till I beat my breast bare, like a bird in a cage. Ah!" he cried, with a peculiarly expressive gesticulation, as of one trying to press back something he did not wish to see—"ah! but it was frightful. But I will tell you—it is just that you should know;" and by degrees he laid before them the history of his escape.

"I may smoke? Yes? Thanks. I can do so much better when I have the little cigarette. Yes, it is soothing—it is a luxury from which I have been shut so long, that it makes me glad."

He smoked for awhile in silence, sending tiny rings of vapor floating upwards. Then, turning to Lady Lawler—

"She sleeps then? My Marie? She is at rest? Ah, it is good. She is worn out, poor child. Let her sleep, for she can be at peace now that I am free."

"Free! Yes, out of prison at last! Cursed prison!—wherein I ate my heart!"

He ground out those last words between his teeth, his face corrugating from brow to chin; and then he made as if he would have spat upon the floor; but, recollecting himself, he glanced at the lady present, and refrained.

"But you shall hear how I escaped," he said more cheerfully, assuming a lighter tone as he addressed himself more particularly to Lady Lawler. "I was changed from prison to prison, time after time. And for what? You know—you believe, I am sure—that I was innocent as a child. I would not have injured an infant. I—I—to think that I would use such intellect as the bon Dieu gave me to invent engines to destroy my fellow-creatures—that poor King! Bah! I envy him not his crown, his throne, let him reign. I know nothing of their schemes—their revolutionary ideas."

"Yes, I was changed from prison to prison, till hope grew almost dead within me. Ah, but it was pitiful to pass those long, weary days, each black and hopeless as night, melting into those long, sleepless nights, which slowly, slowly crept on till it was day once more!"

"Hope grew dead, and there seemed nothing but for me to lie down and die as well; only the spirit was too strong within me. I should have died—miladi forgives all these details?—yes, I should have lain down to die, but for a strong passion roused within me by my fellow-prisoner."

"Poor Pierre! he was one of the conspirators. He was guilty, but I believe unavoidably; and from him I learned who was my denouncer—the man whom I had made my friend for years. Heavens! that there should be such villainy upon earth! He was covetous—he hated me; and the time came for getting me away. He was successful. I was cast into prison, and while there I learned that which engendered a horrible suspicion—one that came through my brain like a flash of light; but it made me live."

"Sir Richard, can you feel—you—what it must be to be caged within stone walls, believing that the wife you have loved with your whole heart has plotted with a villain to your destruction?"

"No," said Sir Richard, hoarsely, as he glanced from one to the other—for Rivière had paused to hear his reply.

"I," exclaimed Rivière, excitedly, as he smote himself upon the breast—"I lay there with that hideous thought. And I loved Marie so," he cried, piteously—"my sweet, gentle, tender-hearted wife! And at times I fought against the cruel thought till it almost maddened me."

"But I am stupid," he said. "I have been so long away that I forget even the part of a gentleman. Miladi will forgive?"

He continued:—

"Pierre said that we should raise one flag of the prison floor, and dig our way out beyond the prison walls. We were not rats. We had no machinery to lift the flag, and despair came over us there."

"What should we do? We could perhaps have slain our gaoler, and so made our way through the passages. I say perhaps, for at times came with him two soldiers; and had we had such a design, bah! Pierre and Louis Rivière would have been the slain."

"But," he went on, laughing, "we should not have done that. Life bought by life would have been dearly purchased. It was but a passing thought: we should have died sooner than try to shed blood, for we were both miserable cowards. Did we even kill the mice—the spiders? No. We even made pets of and welcomed the flies, like other men who have been in prison."

"Ah!" he cried, after a pause, "how I used to awaken night after night, at one time, from a dream that I was free; at another, from a hideous vision wherein I had been slaying the fiend who had robbed me of my life."

"But then I frighten you," he said, with a look of gentle appeal upon his countenance. "I shock miladi. She will indeed think me a madman. Enough. We tried everything, but there was no escape—we were shut in too close; and I tell you that I was dying—dying fast. The spirit was wearing out the flesh, and soon all would have been at an end, when there came a change."

CHAPTER XI.

HOW TO ESCAPE.

"It was like this," said Rivière, after a pause. "We had lain down upon our straw beds one night. We were worn out with our task."

"What had we been doing? Ma foi! we had worked, as in a fierce, hot rage, to loosen a stone in the cell wall—to loosen it, when it was like a rock. But we worked on all the same, one at each joint, picking out tiny scraps of the cement, and grinding them up in our teeth, so that we could smear the white paste upon the wall where it dried, and did not betray us."

"We used to laugh bitterly as we ground the scraps, and say that it whitened the teeth."

"Even we, weary prisoners that we were, could have our laugh. But it did not whiten our fingers. Miladi, I horrify you when I tell you, but I must say all. It is a relief, and you will see what I have suffered. Our fingers bled as we worked, and then we had to stay, for it was more than we could bear."

"We lay then on our beds thinking. Would the gaoler ever forget to fasten our cell—say in a year—two years—ten years? He might forget; and, if so, would it not be best to wait? Pierre asked me this in a whisper."

"But he might not forget," I answered, and Pierre was silent.

"Could we bribe him?" he said after a while.

"He would not trust us," I said, bitterly, for I was loath to hurt the poor fellow's feelings. You see, Sir Richard, our fingers were bleeding, like our hearts, and we were full of sadness just then."

"Louis," said Pierre at last, "why should we work? We may loosen the stone. Good. What then?"

"I did not answer, but lay still, trying to stifle a groan."

"What then?" he said once more. "I will tell you, my friend. The inspector will see that it is loose, and we shall be placed in separate cells."

"I knew that he was right; but, all the time, I felt that we must do it—go on toiling, to keep down the raging energy within us."

"Well, as I said, we had lain down; we had talked; we had made fresh plans, and they had fallen—pouf! like a house of cards. At last a dreamy sense of rest came over me—slowly, slowly, and I dozed off; but only to awaken again with a start. Something had moved within the cell!"

"I listened. Not a sound, only the breathing of Pierre, and a few muttered words which I could not understand."

"I lay down again, to remain wakeful for a time, but only for the dreamy sense of restfulness to come upon me again; and I slept once more. But again I awoke with a start."

"No, nothing to alarm. Pierre was sleeping still; but I had a feeling that an enemy was near—was in the cell; and that, if I slept, he would attack me."

"I glided out of the bed, and in the darkness felt slowly all round the wall, listening again and again whether any one was trying to escape from me as I followed the cold, dank wall, my fingers searching in the corners."

"Then I tried round the other way, stooping down, and crossing and recrossing the floor, lest any one should be there."

"A dozen times I expected to touch some face, and to be locked in a fierce struggle; but no, all was still; and at last I stood by Pierre's bed, listening."

"All still—not a sound; and I told myself that it was fancy, and went once more to lie down."

"For a while no sleep would come, and I lay tossing from side to side. Then I tried to cool my burning fingers against the stone wall. Then the sense of danger—of a hidden enemy—came to make me shudder again."

and conquered. I knew that no one could be there, and called myself a fool—a coward. 'The good God will protect us,' I said; and I knelt upon my bed, and prayed—first for Marie, then for my liberty, lastly for protection; and then, no sooner had my head touched the hard pillow than I slept."

"How long I had slept I cannot tell; but I was awakened by a sensation as of a hand clutching my throat."

"There was, then, some one here," I remember feeling; and, in my half confused state, I put up both hands to seize my aggressor."

"No hands to touch!—no one to grasp! Mon Dieu! what was it? I could hardly breathe. What was this stifling feeling? Was I ill? Was this a new madness, come from over-wrought fancy? No, it must be—Ciel! what? There was a dull red glow—not morning—not sunshine. No sun ever gladdened our cell. But there was the red glow shining in through the bars. And what was that noise?"

"Yes, voices—and cries for help!"

"Then, shaking off a horrible stupor that oppressed me, I began to comprehend that there were greater horrors than we had suffered yet. I was listening to the tramp of feet—the shouts of ordering officers; and below all, like a deep bass, a solemn, hurrying roar."

"Another second or two, and sense had asserted itself. I was awake—thoroughly awake; and, leaning over Pierre—sleeping deeply, his breath coming in gasps—I shook him fiercely, as I cried—

"Up!—up! or we shall be burned to death!"

(To be continued.)

A POEM SERVED TO ORDER.

PHI BETA KAPPA, JUNE 26, 1873.

The Caliph ordered up his cook,
And, scowling with a fearful look
That meant, "We stand no gammon,"—

"To-morrow, just at two," he said,
"Hassan, our cook, will lose his head,
Or serve us up a salmon."

"Great Sir," the trembling chef replied,
"Lord of the Earth and all beside,
Sun, Moon, and Stars, and so on—"

(Look in Rothen—there you'll find
A list of titles. Never mind,
I haven't time to go on.)

"Great Sir," and so forth, thus he spoke,
"Your Highness must intend a joke;
It doesn't stand to reason
For one to order salmon brought
Unless that fish is sometimes caught,
And also is in season."

"Our luck of late is shocking bad,
In fact, the latest catch we had
(We kept the matter shady),
But, hauling in our nets,—alack!
We found no salmon, but a sack
That held your honored Lady!"

"Allah is great!" the Caliph said,
"My poor Zuleika, you are dead."
"I once took interest in you—"

"Perhaps, my Lord, you'd like to know:
We cut the lines and let her go."
—"Allah be praised! Continue."

"It isn't hard one's hook to bait,
And, squatting down, to watch and wait
To see the cork go under;
At last suppose you've got your bite,
You twitch away with all your might,—
You've hooked an eel, by thunder!"

The Caliph patted Hassan's head:
"Slave, thou hast spoken well," he said,
"And won't they master's favor."

Yes; since what happened t' other morn'
The salmon of the Golden Horn
Might have a doubtful flavor.

"That last remark about the eel
Has also justice that we feel
Quite to our satisfaction.
To-morrow we dispense with fish,
And, for the present, if you wish,
You'll keep your bulbous fraction."

"Thanks! thanks!" the grateful chef replied,
His nutrient features showing wide
The gleam of arches dental;
"To cut my head off wouldn't pay,
I find it useful every day
As well as ornamental."

Brothers, I hope you will not fail
To see the moral of my tale
And kindly to receive it.
You know your anniversary pie
Must have its crust, though hard and dry,
And some prefer to leave it.

How oft before these youth were born
I've fished in Fancy's Golden Horn
For what the Muse might send me!
How gayly then I cast the line,
When all the morning sky was mine,
And Hope her flies would lend me!

And now I hear our despot's call,
And come, like Hassan, to the hall—
If there's a slave, I am one—
My bait no longer flies, but worms:
I've caught—Lord bless me! how he squirms;
An eel, and not a salmon!

—Atlantic Monthly.

SAD, SAD.

THE FOOTLESS CHILD THAT WAS BEATEN AND STABBED FOR NOT WALKING UP STAIRS.

One day recently a respectably-dressed man carried a well-grown child muffled up and apparently sick, into French's Hotel. He placed the child on the stairs and began to talk to it in a very unkind and rough way. The attention of the guests was attracted, and they gathered around.

"You are able to walk up stairs by yourself," the man said, "and I won't carry you."

"Oh, oh," the child sobbed, "do carry me up; please, pa, do. You know ever since I was run over by the car and lost both of my feet I can't walk up stairs alone."

"That's all stuff," the man answered, "get up at once or I'll make you."

The poor child began to sob more than before, and the brutal man gave it a severe thump over the side of the head. The child moaned piteously. The indignation of the by-standers was excited, and one of them said to the man, "Is that child yours?"

"What's that to you?" the man answered; "I won't tell you."

"He's—my—father," the child sobbed, "and—he—killed—my—mother—just—as—he's—going—to—kill—me."

The man doubled his fist and made as though he was about to give the child a savage blow. One of the by-standers interfered and said: "Stay, if you don't stop this, I'll call a policeman. I never saw such a brutal father in all my life."

The man began to fumble in his pockets, and the child cried out, "Take care; he's got a knife. He's going to stick you."

Sure enough, the man produced a knife and opened it. The crowd slipped off one by one, except two.

"Bring an officer," one of these cried to a friend.

"If I am arrested," the man said, "it shall be for something," and thereupon he plunged the knife into the body of the child. The child shrieked, "I'm murdered, I'm murdered," and a crowd rushed to the spot. The man quietly raised the child in his arms, and removing his hat, said:

"Gentlemen, this is a wooden child. I'm a ventriloquist, and any little offering you may be pleased to make will be very acceptable.—St. Louis Dispatch.

ON THE LEGENDS OF CERTAIN PLANTS.

Some plants are emblematical on account of certain events or customs: of these are the national emblems. The rose of England became especially famous during the wars of the Roses, after which the red and white were united; and the rose of both colors is called the York and Lancaster; but when these flowers first became badges of the two houses we cannot discover. The thistle is honored as the emblem of Scotland, from the circumstance that once upon a time a party of Danes having approached the Scottish camp unperceived, by night, were on the point of attacking it, when one of the soldiers trod on a thistle, which caused him to cry out, and so aroused the enemy. The shamrock of Ireland was held by St. Patrick to teach the doctrine of the Trinity, and chosen in remembrance of him; it is always worn by the Irish on St. Patrick's day. The leek, in Wales, as a national device, has not been satisfactorily explained, otherwise than as the result of its having the old Cymric colors, green and white. In France, the fleur-de-lis is so called as a corruption of Fleur-de-Louis, and has no connection with the lily, but was an iris, chosen as an emblem by Louis VII. when he went to the Crusades, and afterwards named after him. The olive is deemed an emblem of peace; probably because, on account of its durability of growth, it was planted both in Greece and Italy to mark the limits of landed possessions. Very many plants owe their celebrity to the healing properties with which they are probably endowed, as their common names indicate. Of these are self-heal, wound wort, liverwort, lungwort, eyebright, loose-strife, flea-bane, salvia, from *salvo*, to heal; potentilla, from potential, &c. But in many instances these properties used to be exaggerated and distorted in such a manner that the application of certain plants in wounds and illness, merely as a charm, superseded their being used in a way that might be beneficial; and the witches' caldrons (like those mentioned in "Macbeth," and the old British caldron of Ceridwen), which contained decoctions of all kinds of plants, mystically prepared, were looked to as all-powerful remedies when applied with strange rites and incantations. Some plants have been famous on account of their poisonous qualities, which in various cases have made them historical. The hemlock (*Conium maculatum*) was formerly used in Greece as the state poison, for it was the custom to put prisoners to death by its means; and it is believed that Socrates, Theramenes, and Phocion were all condemned to drink it. The dandelion (*Lolium temulentum*) is a large grass, flowering in July, which grows among barley and wheat, possessed of poisonous properties; it is supposed to be the tares referred to in the parable. The monkshood (*Aconitum napellus*) is a very poisonous plant, even the odor of its leaves and blossoms having an injurious effect on some people; its old name of wolfsbane was given to the plant, because hunters dipped their arrows in its juice to make them more deadly. The upas-tree of Java has a great notoriety for the terrible effect it is supposed to have in causing the death of anyone who lies down under its shelter, and its milky gum is also used by the natives for their arrows.

LOOKING FOR LOVE.

As a fisherman looks out over the bay
For a ship that comes from sea,
I look for my love from day to day,
But my love comes not to me.

Who is the maid that the finger of fate
Has given, and where lives she?
How long shall I linger and hope and wait
Before she will come to me?

Or have I no love, and shall I be blown
Like a lost boat out to sea?
No! Pleasure and peace shall be my own,
And my love shall come to me.

And when and where shall I know my doom?
In doors, or where flowers grow?
Will the pear-trees all be white with bloom?
Or will they be white with snow?

Have I ever heard of your name in talk?
Or seen you a child at play?
Are you twenty yet, and where do you walk?
Is it near or far away?

Come, my love, while my heart's in the south,
While youth is about my ways;
I will run to meet you, and kiss your mouth,
And bless you for all my days!

FAMOUS BRITISH REGIMENTS.

THE FORTY-FOURTH ("THE TWO FOURS").

In 1739, when war was proclaimed with Spain, two regiments of marines were raised, and one of them was numbered the Forty-fourth. In 1741, during the war of the Austrian succession, seven additional infantry regiments were raised, and one of these, the Fifty-fifth, became in 1748, on the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, the present Forty-fourth.

The Fifty-fifth, as it was at first called took part in the battle of Gladsmuir, during the rebellion of '45, when the Highlanders surprised and completely routed Sir John Cope's force, cutting down four hundred men and taking twelve hundred prisoners. The facings at this time were yellow, and the regimental color yellow silk.

In General Braddock's unfortunate march, in 1755, over the Alleghanies to attack Fort du Quesne, the Forty-fourth joined, Colonel Halkett in vain urging his brave but rash general to use Indian scouts, and to beware of ambushes. With only six hundred men, Braddock still pushed on, heedless of all remonstrance, and proudly contemptuous of his undisciplined enemies. In a place surrounded by woods, the Americans suddenly opened fire, and at the first discharge only twenty-two men of the advanced guard of the Forty-fourth, under Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Gage, were left standing.

In 1756, Major-General Abercromby was appointed colonel of the Forty-fourth regiment, and in 1758 it joined in the unsuccessful attack on Ticonderoga, when, by great rashness in not waiting for our artillery, we lost five hundred and fifty-one men. The regiment helped to take Fort Niagara in 1749, and took part in several engagements that led to the final conquest of Canada. It was engaged again in the American war, arriving in 1775 to reinforce the Boston troops under General Gage.

We find the flank companies of the gallant regiment next distinguishing themselves, in 1794, at the taking of Martinique, St. Lucia, and Guadaloupe; and the regiment itself formed part of the Duke of York's army in Holland. In 1796, it helped in the second capture of St. Lucia, and, subsequently, in the harassing pursuit of the runaway slaves and Caribs. In 1800, the regiment joined Abercromby's army at Malta, and sailed for Egypt.

When the Forty-fourth returned to England in 1801, there is a tradition that the flank companies were represented by two men alone, Sergeants Mackrell and Donaldson, who, in 1814, were promoted to commissions, and subsequently died as lieutenants in the regiment. In 1803, a second battalion was added to the Forty-fourth.

Colonel Burney, who served as a subaltern at the capture of Malta and Prociada, affords the following description of the uniform of the Forty-fourth, on his joining it in 1808. The officers wore large cocked-hats, leather breeches, and long boots above the knees, like dragoons, with powder and long tails, the curl of which was generally formed of some favorite lady's hair, no matter what the color might be. The evening dress was gray cloth tights, with Hessian boots and tassels in front. The facings of the coat were buttoned back, and every one was powdered and correctly dressed before sitting down to dinner. For duty, officers and men wore white cloth breeches, black cloth leggings or gaiters, with about twenty-five flat silver buttons to each, and a gorget, showing the officer was on duty. At Malta, as in other garrisons, officers for duty were regularly examined, that their buttons and swords were quite bright; if not they were turned back, and the one in waiting brought forward. Members of court-martial were sent back by the president if they had not their gorgets on, and their duty dress and hair properly powdered. To appear out of barracks without being in strict regimentals and swords, was never dreamt of. The poor soldiers ordered for duty were excused the adjutant's drill, as they took some hours to make themselves up to pass muster for all the examinations for guard-mounting, with pomatum (sometimes a

tallow candle), soap, and flour, particularly the men of flank companies, whose hair was turned up behind as stiff as a ramrod. The queues were doomed by general orders from the Horse Guards dated 20th of July, 1808. The officers wore flashes, made of black ribbon, instead of a tail, attached to the collar of the coat behind, to distinguish them as flankers. This costume has been for years preserved in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

The second battalion of the Forty-fourth embarked for the Peninsular war in 1810, and at the siege of Cadiz supplied reinforcements for the fort at Matagorda. The Forty-fourth, then sailed for Lisbon and joined the army at the lines of Torres Vedras. They fought at Sabugal, and the light companies were actively engaged at Fuentes d'Onoro, where Captain Jessop commanded.

At the siege of Badajoz the Forty-fourth, under Lieutenant-Colonel the Honorable George Carleton, was told off to make a false attack on the Pardaleras, and a real assault on the bastion of San Vincent. After breaking down the palisading and entering a ditch, the regiment was exposed to such a murderous fire of grape and musketry, that no ladder could possibly be raised. Lieutenant John Brooke at once sent Lieutenant Pierce to the reserve, and two companies were sent up under Captain John Cleland Guthrie, who, from the glacis, soon silenced the guns and musketry. The ladders were then raised, and the stormers entered, followed by the brigade, and the colors of the Forty-fourth were planted on the bastion. A bugler of the Forty-fourth sounding the advance, Lord Wellington, who was waiting anxiously for news, exclaimed, "There's an English bugle in the tower!" The Forty-fourth, on this occasion, lost two lieutenants, two sergeants, thirty-eight rank and file killed, and about a hundred men wounded. Of the light company alone above thirty men perished. Next morning Lieutenant Unthank was found in an embrasure dying. The chaplain of the division came up just in time to administer the sacrament to him as he rested on Lieutenant Pierce's knee. Lieutenant-Colonel Carleton had his jaw broken by a bullet, and Captain Jervoise died of his wounds. The word "Badajoz" on the regimental colors commemorates these services of the Forty-fourth.

At Salamanca the Forty-fourth were chosen to attack the enemy in front, and they took the eagle of the Sixty-second regiment. The French officer was just secreting the eagle under his gray great-coat, when Lieutenant Pierce made at him, assisted by several private soldiers of the Forty-fourth. A French soldier driving at Lieutenant Pierce with his fixed bayonet, was shot dead by Private Bill Murray, and Pierce divided twenty dollars among his four assistants. The Forty-fourth also took a French drum, which was kept as a trophy till the regiment embarked for the Mediterranean in 1848. Ensign Standley was killed, carrying one of the colors of the Forty-fourth. The regiment lost in this victory, Captain Berwick, Ensign Standley, and four rank and file, while twenty-two men were wounded.

In 1812, Wellington finding the second battalion of the Forty-fourth so reduced in numbers, formed it into four companies. The remaining six companies returned to England. They had earned in Spain the title of "The Little Fighting Fours," being small men and fond of blows.

In 1814, the second battalion, sent to Belgium in 1813, joined in the unfortunate attack on the strong fortress of Bergenop-Zoom. The Forty-fourth lost above forty men in this catastrophe. A soldier of the Forty-fourth, named McCullup, who had received nine hundred lashes within nine weeks, and on the night of the assault was a prisoner, begged to be released, saying he had never been out of fire when the regiment had been engaged since his joining, and although he knew he was a bad soldier in quarters, yet he was a good one in the field. The man had his wish, and being an excellent shot, managed to kill the first nine sentries that were met with; he was killed, however, during the night.

At Waterloo the Forty-fourth (with Pack's brigade) performed one of the bravest feats ever executed by British soldiers; being suddenly assailed by lancers in rear when already engaged in front, and having no time to form square, they actually received the cavalry in line and defeated it, as Alison proudly records, by one single well-directed volley of the rear ranks, who faced about for that purpose. Lieutenant-Colonel Hamerton knew his men well, or he would hardly have risked such a desperate measure. A French lancer, says Mr. T. Carter, gallantly charged at the colors, and severely wounded Ensign Christie, who carried one of them, by a thrust of his lance, which, entering the left eye, penetrated to the lower jaw. The Frenchman then endeavored to seize the standard; but the brave Christie, notwithstanding the agony of his wound, with a presence of mind almost unequalled, flung himself upon the flag, not to save himself, but to preserve the honor of the regiment. As the color fluttered in its fall, the Frenchman tore off a portion of the silk with the point of his lance; but he was not permitted to bear the fragments beyond the ranks. Both shot and bayoneted by the nearest of the soldiers of the Forty-fourth, he was borne to the earth, paying with the sacrifice of his life for his display of unavailing bravery.

Captain Burney of the Forty-fourth, in his narrative of the battle, says, "The French were in line, with skirmishers in the fields of rye, which was about five feet high. We advanced with the light company extended, but finding that the French had the advantage of seeing us, and picking off many, Colonel Hamerton called them in, and file-firing commenced from each

company, to clear the rye as we advanced. After several movements the Forty-fourth were detached at double quick to a rising ground, where we found the French cavalry had driven our artillerymen from their guns, and had taken possession of, but could not move them, as the horses were gone; many of our artillerymen were sheltered under the guns. We were in quarter-distance column, and soon put our men in charge of their guns again. A German regiment then came up, and the Forty-fourth rejoined their brigade. Soon afterwards the division was in line on the plain; the roar of artillery was awful. The French cavalry repeatedly charged, and we formed squares; on the third occasion I was wounded." Captain Burney was then carried to the rear, wounded in the head and leg. A bullet was soon after extracted from his head, without which operation the doctors agreed he would have died mad.

A repeater watch was taken on the 18th at Waterloo, by Ensign Dunlevie, of the Forty-fourth. When the regiment had reformed line from square, a French cavalry officer found himself the sole representative of his squadron, and hemmed in between two lines of our troops. Whereupon he threw off his helmet, disguised himself in his cloak, and, being splendidly mounted, charged the rear centre of the Forty-fourth (first line), making a great grasp at the colors. The sergeants called out, "Here is a staff officer, open out;" on this, Ensign Dunlevie—who held one of the colors (and which the French officer made a snap at as he rode through)—stabbed the horse in the stomach; the animal staggered and fell about twenty yards in front. Dunlevie and two soldiers hastened on, and the Frenchman was bayoneted whilst disengaging himself, pistol in hand, from his saddle. His watch and gold chain fell into their hands, and were afterwards purchased by Lieutenant-Colonel Burney for thirty napoleons. Ensign Dunlevie subsequently took this repeater to a watchmaker in the Palais Royal, who recognised it, and at once claimed it and locked it up, only half the purchase money having been paid. There being an order from the duke not to dispute with Frenchmen, Dunlevie quietly asked the man to let him compare the watch with his time, and on gaining possession of it put it in his pocket, and with a polite "Bon jour," walked away. On the 16th of June the Forty-fourth had fourteen killed, and one hundred and fifty-one wounded. Lieutenant Tomkins and Ensign Cooke were killed. The second battalion was disbanded soon after Waterloo.

In 1825, the Forty-fourth had an active share in the Burmese war. In 1841, shortly before the breaking out of the Afghan war, the regimental strength consisted of twenty-five officers, thirty-five sergeants, fourteen drummers, and six hundred and thirty-five rank and file, nearly all of whom were destined to perish in the ravines of Afghanistan. On the 2nd of November, 1841, the storm broke out at Cabul, and our political agent, Sir Alexander Burnes, his brother, and Lieutenant Broadfoot, perished in their burning house. In a repulsed attack on the Rika Basher Fort, Lieutenant-Colonel Mackrell was sabred, and Captain McCrea, of the Forty-fourth, cut to pieces. The treacherous assassination of the British envoy, Sir William Macnaghten, was followed, on the 5th of February, 1842, by the retreat from Cabul of four thousand five hundred English soldiers, with about three times that number of camp followers, women, and children. Heavy snow had fallen, and the Afghans were in full pursuit. At the Little Cabul Pass confusion, slaughter, and plunder began. The Sepoys were so numbed with cold that the Afghans wrested their firelocks from them in many instances without resistance. Whenever a European fell the mountaineers chopped him up with their large knives, as if he had been a dead sheep. Once the Forty-fourth charged, and drove the Afghans gallantly back, bayonetting many, but the relentless pursuit still continued. The road was strewn with dead. At the Tezeen Pass there was more fighting, but Brigadier-General Shelton halted the Forty-fourth, and averted immediate destruction. Here fell Major Scott, Captain Leighton, and Lieutenant White of the Forty-fourth. At barriers thrown up near Jugdulluck, many of the Forty-fourth were killed. The officers slain here and in the Pass were Lieutenants William Henry Dodgin and Francis Montessor Wade, Paymaster Thomas Bourke, Quarter-master Richard R. Halahan, and Surgeon John Harcourt.

Paymaster Bourke, says Mr. Carter, had been nearly forty years in the service, which he entered as paymaster in 1804. He had joined the Forty-fourth in 1823, and served with the regiment in Arracan. Some of the officers of the avenging army recognized the remains of the poor old man, from there being a small portion of his silvery grey hair still adhering to the skull. Many valuable papers were lost with his effects; the funds of the regiment, which were unusually flourishing, were in his hands, and some of them were altogether lost. What appeared to be a piece of dirty paper was picked up in the Tezeen valley, and proved to be an order for three hundred pounds, belonging to the officers' mess-fund. The amount was recovered by the regiment.

Quarter-master Halahan had been lieutenant in the Eightieth regiment, but was placed on half-pay on the reduction of the army in 1817. He was appointed Quarter-master of the Forty-fourth in 1822, and served with the regiment in Arracan. He was of great strength, and was known to be the most powerful man in the regiment. He carried a musket from Cabul, and fought with the ranks, killing many of the enemy. He fell while crossing the barrier in

the Jugdulluck Pass, and had been wounded at Cabul, at the Commissariat Fort.

Lieutenant Dodgin had lost a leg near Peshawur, when on the march to Cabul, in the following unlucky manner. He was at tiffin in his tent with Quarter-master Halahan, when a cry was raised in the camp of "a man running a-muck." Dodgin stepped out to see, and it turned out to be a Syce he had discharged that morning, who was making straight for the tent, brandishing a sword as sharp as a razor. Dodgin called to Halahan, who came out with a thick stick and felled the man lifeless with a single blow, but not in time, however, to aid poor Dodgin, who, in attempting to step out of the fellow's way, stumbled over a tent rope, and received from him so severe a wound as to occasion amputation of the leg. He was also killed at the barrier in the Jugdulluck Pass.

"Shortly after daylight on the 13th of January," says the regimental biographer, "the exhausted survivors found their progress arrested by a numerous body of horse and foot, in a strong position across the road, whereupon they ascended a height on their left hand, and, reaching the top, waved a handkerchief; some of the Afghans then came to them, and agreed that Major Griffiths (Thirty-seventh Native Infantry) should proceed to the Chief of Gundamuck to make terms; whilst he was gone, a few of them gave the men some bread, and possibly gaining confidence from this, the enemy yielded to their usual propensity to plunder, and endeavored to snatch the arms out of the soldiers' hands, when an officer exclaiming, 'Here is treachery!' words came to blows. The Afghans were instantly driven down the hill; firing was then recommenced and continued for nearly two hours, during which these heroic few kept the enemy at bay, till their numbers being reduced to about twenty, and their ammunition expended, the Afghans rushed in suddenly with their knives. An awful scene ensued, and ended in the massacre of all except Lieutenant Thomas Alexander Souter, Lance-Sergeant Alexander Fair, six soldiers of the Forty-fourth, three artillerymen, and Major Griffiths, Thirty-seventh Native Infantry, whose lives the Afghans, with unwonted humanity, spared. In this last struggle Lieutenant Thomas Collins, Arthur Hogg, Edward Sandford Cumberland, Samuel Swinton, and Doctor William Primrose, assistant-surgeon, all of the ill-fated Forty-fourth, were killed."

Of the one hundred and two officers killed at Cabul and in the retreat, twenty-two belonged to the Forty-fourth. Of six hundred and eighty-four men of the Forty-fourth, six hundred and fifty-eight perished, nine were prisoners, seventeen survived the last brave stand at Gundamuck, and of these fourteen died in captivity.

In one of the last fights Lieutenant Souter, seeing the peril, tore the regimental colors from the staff, and wrapped them round his body. The Queen's color Lieutenant Cumberland handed to Color-Sergeant Patrick Carey, who wrapped it round him; but Carey was killed, and the color never seen again. The first color was more lucky. Lieutenant Souter, in a letter to his wife, from his captivity near Sughman, in the hills, not many miles from Jellalabad, thus wrote: "In the conflict my postern flew open and exposed the color. They thought I was some great man, looking so flash. I was seized by two fellows (after my sword had dropped from my hand by a severe cut in the shoulder, and my pistols had missed fire); they hurried me to a distance, took my clothes from off me except my trousers and cap, led me away to a village by command of some horsemen that were on the road, and I was made over to the head man of the village, who treated me well, and had my wound attended to. Here I remained a month, seeing occasionally a couple of men of my regiment who were detained in an adjoining village. At the end of a month I was handed over to Akbar Khan, and joined the ladies and the other officers at Sughman. I lost everything I possessed.....My wound, which is from my right shoulder a long way down my blade-bone, is an ugly one, but it is quite healed. The cut was made through a sheepskin postern, under which the color was concealed, lying over my right shoulder, that thick Petersham coat I used to wear at Kurraul, a flannel and shirt. I then threw my pistol upon the ground, and gave myself up to be butchered. The man I tried to shoot seized me, assisted by his son-in-law, and dragged me down the hill; then took my clothes, the color, and my money. I was eventually walked off to a village two miles away. This same man and his son-in-law, whose names are Meer Jaun, came afterwards to the village where I was, with my telescope, to get me to show them how to use it. Afterwards the son-in-law and I became thick; he brought me back the color (though divested of the tassels and most of the tinsel), to my agreeable surprise."

Both the colors had for some years been mere bundles of ribbons, and the color thus saved was eventually placed in the church of Alverstoke, Hants. Colonel Shelton was killed in 1845, by a fall from his horse in the square of Richmond Barracks, Dublin.

In 1854, when the Forty-fourth embarked at Varna for the Crimean war, the regiment's strength was thirty officers and eight hundred and ninety-nine men of all ranks. After the battle of the Alma, Doctor James Thomas, of the Forty-fourth, and Private Magrath, a soldier servant, for four or five days volunteered to remain behind and alleviate the sufferings of seven hundred wounded Russians; subsequently the doctor took three hundred and forty of them to Odessa, and died on his return to Balaklava, of cholera, a victim to his generous exertions. The

Forty-fourth particularly distinguished itself in the attack on and occupation of the cemetery at the head of the Dockyard Creek, the day Pelissier was repulsed at the Malakoff. Our men had the dangerous task of pulling down barricades of stone walls while under fire. The Forty-fourth swarmed into the advanced houses and kept up a continuous fire on the embrasures at the head of the creek. The brigade was altogether eighteen hours under fire, and got, for the first time, actually into the town of Sebastopol, although exposed to a plunging fire from the Redan and Barrack Batteries. Five hundred and sixty-two men were the total casualties of the day. Colonel the Honorable Augustus Spencer, who commanded the Forty-fourth, was wounded, and Lieutenant-Colonel Staveland succeeded to the command. Altogether the Forty-fourth lost in killed, and wounded one hundred and thirty-three men. Of six captains who went into action, four (Fenwick, Agar, Mansfield and Caulfield) were killed. Colonel Spencer and Lieutenants Logan, Haworth and Hoskins were wounded. The Victoria Cross was afterwards given to Sergeant William M'Whiney. The Gazette of the day says M'Whiney "Volunteered as sharp-shooter at the commencement of the siege of Sebastopol, and was in charge of the party of the Forty-fourth; was always vigilant and active, and signalled himself on the 26th of October, 1854, when one of his party, Private John Keane, Forty-fourth regiment, was dangerously wounded in the Woronzoff road, at the time the sharpshooters were repulsed from the quarries by overwhelming numbers. Sergeant M'Whiney, on his return, took the wounded man on his back and brought him to a place of safety. This was under a very heavy fire. He was also the means of saving the life of Corporal John Courtenay. This man was one of the sharpshooters, and was severely wounded in the head on the 5th of December, 1854. Sergeant M'Whiney brought him from under fire, and dug up a slight cover with his bayonet, where the two remained until dark, when they retired. Sergeant M'Whiney volunteered for the advanced guard of Major-General Eyre's brigade in the cemetery on the 18th of June, 1855, and was never absent from duty during the war."

In 1860, the Forty-fourth sailed for China, the emperor having refused to ratify the treaty of Tien-Tsin. On the 6th of August, the regiment landed on the banks of the Pehtang river, and advanced to attack the Tartar posts at the Sin-ho entrenchments. The roads were so bad that it cost the troops two hours' hard labor to march two miles. The tremendous Armstrong guns, then first used in actual warfare, astonished the Tartar horsemen, who nevertheless streamed out and enveloped Sir Robert Napier's force, who was taking the position in flank. The Tartars were soon put to flight, but again broke out in swarms, and threatened the artillery. They were driven off by four companies of the Forty-fourth, who wheeled up and fired volleys. The rear guard also received and repulsed a charge of Tartar cavalry. After taking Tangken, Sir James Hope Grant determined to reduce the North Taku Forts, near the mouth of the Peiho. On the 21st of August, a storming party was chosen from the Forty-fourth, to be led by Lieutenant-Colonel Patrick William Macmahon, a wing of the Sixty-seventh, and some marines, who carried a pontoon bridge for crossing the wet ditches. The magazines in both forts having exploded, a breach was commenced near the gate, and a portion of the storming party advanced to within thirty yards and opened a musketry fire, which the Chinese returned with interest. The resistance was so vigorous that the French, having crossed the wet ditches, were unable to escalate the walls. Nor could the sappers succeed in laying the pontoon bridge, thirteen of the men being knocked down in succession, and one of the pontoons destroyed. Moreover, the troops had to wade through deep mud, swim three wet ditches, and clamber over two belts of pointed bamboo stakes. At this crisis Napier ordered up two howitzers to within fifty yards of the gate, and soon created a breach sufficient for one man to enter. In like tierriers the stormers went in single file; Lieutenant Robert Montessor Rogers, of the E company, then Private John Macdougall of the Forty-fourth, and Lieutenant Lennon of the Sixty-seventh were the first Englishmen inside the walls of the North Taku Forts; they climbed up the embrasure by sticking bayonets in the wall, and so earned the Victoria Cross, which was also conferred on Lieutenant Burslem, Ensign Chaplin, and Private Lane of the Sixty-seventh. The Chinese, driven back foot by foot, were at last hurled through the opposite embrasures into the muddy ditches. About an hour after all the forts hoisted flags of truce, yet still defied the allies. Eventually the allied infantry, pushing on to the outer North Fort, scaled the walls, and made prisoners the garrison of two thousand men. Towards evening the Chinese evacuated the South Forts. The loss was severe. The Forty-fourth had Captain Ingham and Lieutenant Rogers severely hurt, fourteen men killed, and one drummer and forty-five men wounded. Captain Gregory was one of the first in the Taku Forts after those who obtained the Victoria Cross; Brigadier Reeves, who commanded the troops for the assault, was severely wounded in five places. The words "Taku Forts" are now borne on the colors of the Forty-fourth regiment.

"Is woman," anxiously inquires a Western paper, "better than man?" She certainly is for some purposes, but she doesn't make so good a mother-in-law.

FAMILY MATTERS.

SWEET-BREADS.—Put into the dripping-pan a large piece of butter, let it get hot and thoroughly melted, then put in the sweet-breads. Turn them often, and allow them to cook through; when brown, sprinkle salt over them, remove, and pour a small quantity of water in the pan; boil it with grease left in, and pour over the dish.

TO BROIL TOMATOES.—Broiled tomatoes make a delicious dish; select those that are not over-ripe, and cut them in halves crosswise; dip the cut side into beaten egg and then into wheat flour, and place them upon a gridiron, whose bars have been greased previously. When they have become well browned, turn them over, and cook the skin side until thoroughly done. Then put butter, salt and paper upon the egg side and serve upon a platter.

SCOTCH SCONES.—Flour, 2lb.; bi-carbonate of soda, 1oz.; salt, 1oz.; sour buttermilk, one pint, more or less. Mix to the consistence of light dough, roll it out about half an inch thick, cut them out to any shape you please, and bake on a girdle over a clear fire about ten or fifteen minutes, turning them to brown on both sides, or they may be done on a hot plate or ironing stove. A girdle is a thin plate of cast iron about 12in. or 14in. in diameter, with a handle attached to hang it up by. These scones are excellent for tea, and may be eaten either cold or hot, buttered, or with cheese.

HOW TO CURE A COLD.—If a cold settles on the outer coverings of the lungs, it becomes pneumonia, inflammation of the lungs, or lung fever, and in many cases carries off the strongest man to the grave within a week. If cold falls upon the inner covering of the lungs, it is pleurisy, with its knife-like pains and its slow, very slow recoveries. If a cold settles in the joints there is rheumatism, with the agonies of pain, and rheumatism of the heart, which in an instant sometimes snaps asunder the cords of life with no friendly warning. It is of the utmost practical importance, then, in the wintry weather, to know not so much how to cure a cold as to avoid it. Cold always comes from one cause—some part of the body being colder than natural for a time. If a person will keep his feet warm always, and never allow himself or herself to be chilled, he or she will never take cold in a lifetime; and this can only be accomplished by due care in warm clothing and avoidance of drafts and exposure. While multitudes of colds come from cold feet, perhaps the majority arise from cooling off too quickly after becoming a little warmer than is natural, from exercise or work, or from confinement to a warm apartment.

HOW TO GET RID OF COCKROACHES.—Mr. Tewkesbury of Nottingham, in a letter to the *Manx Sun*, says:—"I forward an easy, clean, and certain method of eradicating these insects from dwelling houses. A few years ago my house was infested with cockroaches, (or "clocks," as they are called here,) and I was recommended to try cucumber peelings as a remedy. I accordingly, immediately before bed time, strewed the floor of those parts of the house most infested with the vermin with the green peel, cut not very thin from the cucumber, and sat up half an hour later than usual to watch the effect. Before the expiration of that time the floor where the peel lay was completely covered with cockroaches, so much so, that the vegetable could not be seen, so voraciously were they engaged in sucking the poisonous moisture from it. I adopted the same plan the following night, but my visitors were not near so numerous—I should think no more than a fourth of the previous night. On the third night I did not discover one; but anxious to ascertain whether the house was clear of them, I examined the peel after I had lain it down about half an hour, and perceived that it was covered with myriads of minute cockroaches about the size of a flea. I therefore allowed the peel to lie till morning, and from that moment I have not seen a cockroach in the house. It is a very old building; and I am certain that the above remedy only requires to be persevered in for three or four nights, to completely eradicate the pest. Of course it should be fresh cucumber peel every night."

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE horse chestnut is now used in France for the manufacture of starch. The nut yields about 17 per cent. of pure starch. Washing it with water containing carbonate of soda is said to remove the bitterness.

A SIMPLE REMEDY.—Dr. Blower of Liverpool, states that he has, for the past twenty years, employed compressed sponge very successfully in the treatment of ingrowing nails. His method is to render the sponge compact by wetting, and then tying it tightly until it is thoroughly dry. A bit of the sponge, in size less than a grain of rice, is placed under the nail, and secured by strips of adhesive plaster. In this way the point of the nail is kept up from the toe until the surrounding soft parts are restored to their normal condition by appropriate means. Of course there is no pain in this remedy, and its application requires only ordinary skill.

NEW ENGRAVING PROCESS.—A very novel and curious process of wood-engraving is called the Planotype. The design to be engraved is transferred to a block of lime-tree wood. The block is then placed in a machine resembling

an engraving machine, the graver being heated red hot by a gas jet. The design is gradually burned into the wood. Figures or letters of reference are impressed by means of punches. When the red-hot graver has done its work a cast in type metal is taken from the block, which is then used for printing like the ordinary stereotype plate. It is said that the finest details are faithfully produced, and that the practice carried out on a large scale is found to give satisfactory results.

A WONDERFUL MYSTERY.—"We have spoken in a preceding number," says the *Journal du Havre*, "of an extraordinary discovery announced by *Galignani's Messenger* of Paris, it being nothing less than an agent destined to entirely replace steam. The importance of such an invention, which we need not dwell upon, made us feel bound in the interests of everything relating to manufactures or the navy to seek for more ample information. The inventors of this process are MM. Brachigny and J. Deschamps, domiciled at Rouen, 9 Rue de Sotteville. They pretend, by the aid of their apparatus, which works without coal or any other combustible, to replace the present machines, whatever be their power. Their invention, they say, is equally applicable to land industry and to navigation."

A GREAT SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.—Dr. Ferrier, of King's College, has succeeded in almost completing a map of the brain with all its organs, distinguished by the sure and rigorous test of experiment. Nothing could surpass the interest of these experiments. On the table before the spectator is a dog, with the top of its skull removed. All seems, but for the breathing and movement of the brain, an inert mass of dead matter. The doctor applies the electrode, and presently the tail begins to wag. All else is motionless. Another touch, and its forepaw is stretched out; another, and its head is erected; another, and its mouth opens. Again the magic wand touches the brain, and the animal seems convulsed with fear and rage; and so the experiments go on. This discovery, so simple now that it is known, will effect almost a revolution in physiology. One of the chief results attained by Dr. Ferrier is the belief that each convolution is a separate organ, although occasionally several may be conjoined for common work. He also finds that the great motion-centres are collected in the front part of the brain—a result that shows the phrenologists were not far wrong in that quarter. The discovery shows why considerable portions of the brain may be diseased without interfering with sanity, and why other slight lesions produce epilepsy. Dr. Ferrier has also found out the origin of chorea, or St. Vitus' Dance, and has been able to make animals show all the symptoms of the disease artificially. At the instance of Professor Huxley, the Royal Society has come handsomely forward, and voted a grant to Dr. Ferrier to carry out his experiments on monkeys. The monkey is the nearest approach to man in the animal kingdom, and as it is, of course, out of the question to experiment on man, the monkey will form a not inadequate substitute.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE whole of the detailed arrangements for the new German coinage are said to have been completed some time ago by a committee of the States-Council, and approved at a full sitting of that body. The front of the coins will vary with the state or sovereign issuing it. The gold five-shilling piece is to have on the reverse—which may be called the imperial side of the coinage—nothing more than the German eagle, with the words "Five marks." The silver piece of the same value to bear the words "Got mit uns" in an outer circle; and "Five marks," "German Empire," within. The much disputed two-shilling piece, which the will of the Diet forced upon the Government and States-Council, will be struck in fair proportion, and is to have on its reverse the year, with the words, "German Empire" and "Two marks." The one-shilling piece will be similar.

THERE is in Paris an aged woman who had for the last fifty years supported herself by an industry of which, we believe, she enjoys a complete monopoly. She supplies the Garden of Acclimatisation in Paris with food for the pheasants, which food consists entirely of ants' eggs. These she collects in the woods around Paris, and receives about twelve francs for the quantity she brings back from each of her foraging expeditions. These generally last three or four days, during which she sleeps on the field of action, in order to watch the insects at dawn, and to find her way to their treasures. She is almost devoured by the ants, an inconvenience of which she takes little notice, but at the end of her harvest time, which lasts from the present month to the end of September, her whole body is in a truly pitiable condition. Her services are, of course, highly valued, for as there is at present no competition in this line of industry, it would be difficult to supply her place.

T. W. HIGGINSON, in one of his essays, gives this hint to dinner-table orators: If most people talked in public as they do in private, public meetings would be more interesting. To acquire a conversational tone, there is something in Edward Hale's theory, that every person who is called on to speak—let us say at a public dinner—instead of standing up and talking about his surprise at being called on, should simply

make his last remark to his neighbor at the table the starting point for what he says to the whole table. He will thus make sure of a perfectly natural key to begin with, and can go on from this quiet, "As I was saying to Mr. Smith," to discuss the gravest question of church or state. It breaks the ice for you, like the remark upon the weather, with which we begin our interview with the person whom we have longed two years to meet. Beginning in this way, at the level of the earth's surface, we can join hands and rise to the clouds. Begin in the clouds—as some of my most esteemed friends are wont to do—and you have to sit down before reaching the earth.

THE New York Observer ridicules the idea that where the ages of the patriarchs of the Bible are mentioned in years, months are meant instead, as, for instance, when the Hebrew chronologer stated the life of Methuselah to be 969 years, and of Jared 962, he meant that many months. The *Observer* goes into figures on the subject, as follows: "Adam lived a hundred and thirty months, and begat a son. Seth lived a hundred and five months, and begat Enos. Enos lived ninety months, and begat Cainan. Cainan lived seventy months, and begat Michael. And Enoch lived sixty-five months, and begat Methuselah. And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty-nine months, and he died; and so on. Truly a wonderful race of beings! At the age of 130 months, which is little more than 10 years, Adam begat his first born, Seth; and at the age of 105 months, a little less than 9 years, Seth begat Enos, and at 90 months, or less than 8 years, Enos begat Cainan; and Cainan begat his first born at 70 months, which is less than 6 years! And this is a satisfactory solution! It is historical and scientific mending with a vengeance."

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

THE question whether woman is better than man depends upon when she had her last new bonnet, and whether he has lately been defeated in a regatta.

A VERY sad and depressing feature of the severe rain at Danbury on Friday afternoon was a man in linen clothes, who was waiting at the depot for the train on which his wife's mother was expected.

TALK about the curiosity of women! We will back a fly against any woman. Just watch him as he gaily traverses a bald man's cranium, halts on the eyelid, and, taking a cursory glance around him, waltzes over to the end of the nose, peeps up one nostril, and having satisfied his curiosity there, curvettes over the upper lip and takes a glance up the other. With a satisfactory smile at having seen all there is to be seen there he makes a bee-line for the chin, stopping a moment to explore the cavity formed by the closed lips. Arriving at the chin, he takes a notion to creep down under the shirt-collar, but suddenly hesitating, he turns around as if he had forgotten something, and proceeds to an exploration of the ears. This concluded, he carries out his original intention, and disappears between the neck and shirt-collar, emerging, after the lapse of some minutes, with an air seeming to say he had performed his duty. What matters the frantic attempts to catch him, the enraged gestures, and the profane language? They disturb his equanimity not a moment. Driven from one spot he alights on another; he finds he has got a duty to perform, and he does it.

A STRANGER who is visiting Danbury proposed to one of our citizens, Saturday, that he would get a barouche, if the citizen would furnish ladies, and take a drive out of town in the evening. The citizen agreed, and went home to get ready. His wife noticed his particular toilet, and asked him what was up. He didn't appear to know that anything was up, and she said no more. Shortly after he left, she went to his place of business and learned that he was to take a drive. The carriage was in front of the hotel the party was to start from, and near it the curious woman found her husband's partner in the scheme. She asked him if the carriage was going to R—, and he believing her to be one of the invited, replied in the affirmative, and help her in. She was no more than comfortably seated in the back seat, when her husband came down the hotel steps with the couple he had engaged, and reaching the carriage, proceeded to bow them in, when his smile was petrified into ghastliness by the vision of his affectionate wife, pleasantly located in the back seat, and going through a brief rehearsal with her fingers. One instant he gazed frantically at her, and then giving expression to his pent up feelings with the simple exclamation, "By hokey!" he turned and fled.

IT is a good thing, says the *Detroit Free Press* to know what to do when a man faints away and falls down in the street. A pedestrian fell down on Monroe avenue yesterday, being just off a sick bed, and it was wonderful how many men in the crowd knew exactly what was the best thing to do. One called for brandy, another waved the crowd back, another shouted "police" and "coroner," a fourth brought a bucket of water from a saloon, and all the others crowded in as closely as possible, and began wondering if the man had his life insured. Some wanted to throw water on the victim, and others thought that his boots ought to be removed, and the man with the slop-pail fell down in it and jumped up and kicked at a lame boy. Two boys were sent for a doctor, but didn't go, and a market-woman crowded in and told them to raise the man's head. Some one put a brick under his

neck, and another general call was made for whiskey, camphor, gin, soda, pop, root beer, ginger ale, vinegar, water and lager. Nothing was brought, and after a few minutes the man opened his eyes, gave his name, and asked to be taken home. After he had departed a doctor arrived, a coroner came puffing along, and the crowd came near having a fight as to who was entitled to the honor of saving the man's life.

OUR PUZZLER.

53. SQUARE PUZZLE.

1. Reader, a poet's name recall—
A name well known, esteemed by all.
2. My next portrays a Persian town,
As yet not honored with renown.
3. And now a metal I display—
One that is hard and white, they say.
4. A man who lived in dwellings rude,
And spent a life of solitude.
5. A heathen god has now appeared—
One whom the ancient Greeks revered.
6. A poet of so great a name,
That never can it die to fame.

Ere I conclude I crave leave to define,
That six letters alone can be found in each line.
My initials and first give the first poet's name,
My finals and sixth do the other proclaim.

E. P. M.

54. LOGOGRIPHS.

1. If from the name of a quadruped you the
centre letter leave out, the remainder you cannot
mend, for it's best without doubt.

2.

Curtail a wine, and then transpose;
What's bright and fine it will disclose.

J. B. HAYWARD.

55. CHARADE.

If I was on a donkey, and couldn't make it go,
I would not use it roughly, nor beat it, oh, no, no,
With a pat upon its neck, I would call my second
first,
And if it wouldn't come my last, and the worst
came to the worst,
I'd use my first, and that, no doubt, would
quickly make him trot,
And thus it would go my last, and travel off the
spot.
Just put these things together (and it will not
take you long;
Another hint I'll give, and then you surely can't
get wrong,
A man whose stirring eloquence and teaching of
the word
Has made his name a household word where'er
our tongue is heard;
This is my whole, and now, my friends, I pray
you give his name—
It can't be very difficult—you've often seen the
same.

56. CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is a field of wheat like the seed or
fruit of an oak tree?
2. When is a garment that ladies wear like
the direction on an envelope?
3. Why are beggars like bakers?
4. What town in England would you like to
get spring water from?
5. When are fashionable ladies like Bow Bells?

J. B. H.

57. CONICAL PUZZLE.

One fifth of count; a rodent; a weight; a rapacious bird; a country in Asia; a city flower. The centrals, if read down aright, will a town in Asia disclose.

R. C.

ANSWERS.

27. CHARADE.—Bridewell.
28. CROSS PUZZLE.—

ECK
SHY
LEE
CAMBRIDGE
CHERURINI
S A A R B R U C K
S I X
A N N
S I L

29. LOGOGRIPH.—Fear, Fare, Fera, Era, Are, Ear.

30. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—

Here $2 \sqrt{25^2 + 35^2} = 43.0116 = \text{diagonal of floor.}$
yds. ft. in.

and $2 \sqrt{44.0116^2 + 10^2} = 53.737 = 53.8 \text{ } 10 = 6; 4:8:10$
yds. ft. in.

31. CHARADE.—Cherry-apple.

32. SQUARE WORDS.—

1. 2. 3.

AGRAM LUCCA SURAT
GRADE UNION UNITE
RABID CIRCE RILLS
ADIGE COCKS ATLAS
MEDEA ANEST TESSA (dress)

33. CHARADE.—Waterloo.
34. HIDDEN TOWNS.—1. Cardiff; 2. Bolton; 3. Stourbridge; 4. Ayr; 7. Waterford.

GUNNAR: A NORSE ROMANCE.

BY H. H. BOYSEN.

PART III.

CHAPTER VIII.

GROWTH.

"Bless my soul! what is it the boy has been doing?" cried Brita, as her eyes fell upon the drawing which Gunnar had left standing before his bed. It was the morning after St. John's Eve, and Brita had come to wake him. Gunnar, before whose dreamy vision the variegated scenes and impressions of the night still were hovering, started up half frightened, rubbed his eyes, and asked what was the matter.

"Why, boy, what have you been doing?" repeated Brita, in a tone which made Gunnar believe that it was something terrible he was suspected of having done; "have you been trying to make a picture of little Ragnhild?"

"No, indeed, I have not," asserted Gunnar, still with a vague impression that such an attempt would be an unpardonable boldness.

"Then what does this mean?" said Brita, holding the drawing up before him. A stream of sunlight glided in through the airhole in the wall and struck the picture; but it went farther, and struck Gunnar too. What he had not known before, he knew now. It was not the Hilder; it was Ragnhild. He felt the blood mount to his temples, dropped his eyes like a convicted culprit, and remained silent.

Days came and days went, the summer sped, and autumn drew near. The whole highland with its freshness and freedom had become as a home to Gunnar; he longed no more for the valley; nay, sometimes he even felt a strange dread of being closed in again under the shadow of those stern, inexorable mountains, now that his sight had been widened by the distance, and his thought had gained height and strength in the play with the infinite.

Rhyme-Ola was a great help to Gunnar, for a strong friendship bound them to each other. Rhyme-Ola clung to Gunnar, who was, in fact, the stronger nature of the two. The boy soon became familiar with his friend's peculiar ways, so they no longer disturbed him; and the songster, to whom sympathy and affection were new experiences, felt spring spread in his soul, and with every day that passed the boy became dearer to him. He sung him sad, and he sung him gay; for there was power and depth in Rhyme-Ola's song; moreover, there was this peculiarity about it, that as soon as he struck the first note, the sky, the lake, and the whole landscape around seemed to fall in with it, and to assume the tone and color of the song. It was as much a part of the highland nature as the shrill cry of the loon or the hollow thunder of the avalanche in the distant ravines. Thus Gunnar grew; and Rhyme-Ola's song grew with him and into him, opening his ear to the unheard, his eye to the unseen, and lifting his fancy to bolder flight.

As long as the sun sent life and summer to the earth, Gunnar and his friend remained at the saeter watching the cattle. The cows were intrusted to Gunnar's care, while the singer gave his whole attention to the sheep and the goats. In the morning they would always start in different directions, the one following the eastern shore of the lake, and the other the western. At noon they would meet at the northern end, on the rock which had been the scene of their first encounter. Then, while the sun stood high and the cattle lay in their noon-rest, Rhyme-Ola sat down and sang, and Gunnar would take his board and draw.

He could never draw so well as when he heard those weird tunes ringing in his ears; then his mind thronged with great ideas, and his hand moved as of itself. At first it was mostly Hilders he drew, but at the end of another month he gave up these attempts as vain. Then his companion changed his song; and now old heroic ballads gave a new turn to his mind and new subjects for his pencil. His illustrations of his old favorite story of the poor boy who married the princess gained him great praise wherever they were shown. Rhyme-Ola declared them absolutely unrivalled. Thus encouraged, he for some time devoted himself to similar subjects, and peopled his birch-bark with the loving virgins and gigantic heroes of the ballads.

The summer fled, like a delightful dream, from which you wake just in the moment when it is dearest to you, and you vainly grasp after it in its flight.

Before long Gunnar sat again in his old place on the floor at the fireside, in the long dark winter nights, giving life and shape to old Gunhild's never-ending stories and his own recollections from the summer. Rhyme-Ola was again roaming about from one end of the valley to another, as had always been his custom; he never had any scruples in accepting people's hospitality, as he always gave full return for what he received, and he well knew that his songs and tales made him everywhere welcome. The next summer they again watched the Rimul cattle; and while the one sung the other drew, and they were happy in each other; for Gunnar's sympathy warmed his friend's lonely heart, and Rhyme-Ola's song continued to Gunnar an ever-flowing source of inspiration.

Now and then the widow of Rimul would come up to the saeter to see how the maids and the cattle were doing; and Ragnhild, her daughter, who had a great liking for the highlands and the saeter-life, always followed her on such occasions. It was the common opinion in the valley that Ingeborg Rimul still carried

her head rather high, and there were those who prophesied that the time would surely come when she would learn to stoop. For the stiffest neck is the surest to be bent, said they; and if it does not bend, it will break.

Ragnhild seemed to have more of her father's disposition, had a smile and a kind word for everybody. She was never allowed to go out among other people, and she seldom saw children of her own age. Her cousin Gudrun Henjum was her only companion; for she was of the family. Gudrun had not seen twelve winters before Ingeborg Rimul asked her brother, Atle Henjum, if she might not just as well make Rimul her home altogether. Atle thought she might; for Gudrun and Ragnhild were very fond of each other. Thus it happened that, wherever the one came, there came the other also; and when they rode to the saeter, they would sit in two baskets, one on each side of the horse.

Brita had of course told the widow about Gunnar's picture, and once, when Ingeborg was at the saeter, she asked him to show it to her.

She was much pleased with the likeness, praised the artist, and offered to buy the drawing; but Gunnar refused to sell it. A few weeks afterwards, however, when Ragnhild expressed her admiration for his art, he gave it to her. Then Ragnhild wished to see his other productions; he brought them and explained them to her and Gudrun, and they both took great delight in listening to him; for he told them, in his own simple and glowing language, of all the strange thoughts, hopes and dreams which had prompted the ideas to these pictures. Also Rhyme-Ola's tales of trolls and fairies did he draw to them in words and lines equally descriptive; and, for many weeks to come the girls talked of nothing, when they were alone, but Gunnar and his wonderful stories. Before long they also found themselves looking forward with eagerness to their saeter visits; and Gunnar, who took no less delight in telling than they did in listening, could not help counting the days from one meeting to another.

"I do wish Lars could tell such fine stories as Gunnar does," exclaimed Gudrun one evening, as they were returning from the saeter.

"So do I," said Ragnhild, "but I rather wish Gunnar could come to Rimul as often as Lars. Lars can never talk about anything but horses and fighting."

Now it was told for certain in the parish, that Atle Henjum and Ingeborg Rimul had made an agreement to have their children joined in marriage, when the time came, and they were old enough to think of such things. For Henjum and Rimul were only separated by the river, and if, as the parents had agreed, both estates were united under Lars Henjum, Atle's oldest son, he would be the mightiest man in all that province, and the power and influence of the family would be secured for many coming generations. Who had made Lars acquainted with this arrangement it is difficult to tell; for his father had never been heard to speak of it, except, perhaps, to his sister; but small pots may have long ears, as the saying is, and when all the parish knew of it, it would have been remarkable if it had not reached Lars's ears too. Few people liked Lars, for he took early to bragging, and he often showed that he knew too well whose son he was.

The next winter Gunnar was again hard at work on his pictures, and although Henjumhel was far away from the church-road, it soon was rumored that Thor Henjumhel's son had taken to the occupation of gentlefolks, and wanted to become a painter. And the good people shook their heads; "for such things," said they, "are neither right nor proper for a houseman's son to do, as long as he is neither sick nor misshapen, and his father has to work for him as steadily as a plough-horse. But there is unrest in the blood," added they; "Thor made a poor start himself, and Gunnar, his father, paid dearly enough for his folly." On Sundays, after service, the parishioners always congregated in the church yard to greet kinsmen and friends, and discuss parish news; and it was certain enough that Gunnar Henjumhel's name fared ill on such occasions. At last the parish talk reached Gunhild's ear, and she made up her mind to consult her son about the matter; for she soon found out that Gunnar himself was very little concerned about it.

"It is well enough," said Gunhild, "to turn up your nose and say you don't care. But to people like us, who have to live by the work others please to give us, it is simply a question of living or starving."

But Gunnar never listened in that ear. One night the boy had gone over to Rimul with some of his latest sketches and compositions, and had probably been invited to stay to supper. In the cottage Thor and his mother were sitting alone at their meal.

"I wonder where the boy is to-night," remarked Gunhild.

"Most likely at Rimul with those pictures of his," said Thor.

A long pause.

"A handsome lad he is," commenced the grandmother.

"Handsome enough; well-built frame; doubt if there is much inside of it."

"Bless you, son! don't talk so unreasonably. A wonderful child he is and ever was, and a fine man he will make too. I could only wish that he sometimes would bear in mind that he is a houseman's son, and heed a little what people think and say about him."

A bitter smile passed over Thor's face, but he made no answer.

"Then I thought, Thor," continued his mother, "that Gunnar is old enough to be of some use to you now."

"So he is."

"The saying is, that his name fares ill on the tongues of the church-folk, because he sees his father working so hard, without offering to help him, and sticks so close to that picturing. That will never lead to anything, and moreover hardly becomes a houseman's son."

"Maybe you are right mother."

"So I am, son; and it would be according to my wish if you asked the boy to-morrow to go out with you timber-felling, as would be right and proper for one of his birth."

The next morning Gunnar was asked to follow his father to the woods. He went, although much against his wish, as he was just at that time designing a grand historical composition which he was very anxious to take hold of. Henceforward he went lumbering in the winter, and herding the Rimul cattle in the summer, until he was old enough to prepare for confirmation; for every boy and girl in the valley had to be confirmed, and the last six months before confirmation they had to go to the parsonage to be instructed by the kind old pastor. Lars Henjum also prepared for confirmation that same winter, and so it happened that he and Gunnar often met at the parsonage.

(To be continued.)

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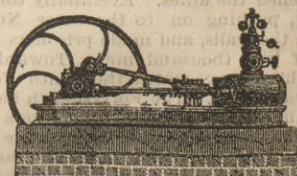
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